MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

DECEMBER ON THE FARM.

There is not much to be done in the way of farm work, as a general rule, in this inclement month. The weather for the most part is rough and cold and the care of stock is the most important duty to be attended to and this is imperative. Our domestic animals are quite dependent upon us at this season of the year, and their product and profit will generally be very much in proportion to the care and attention they get through the winter. We cannot neglect them without suffering a loss in the pocket, though a higher motive ought to actuate us to devote a good deal of time to their comfort and well being.

Most farmers are in the habit of turning the cattle out into the yard every day, let the weather be what it will. They claim that the exercise and the air are beneficial. If the weather is mild, it may be so, but we do not believe in exposing them to the blustering storms of winter any more than is absolutely necessary, and we would carry the water to them rather than turn them out to drink from a trough half full of ice. In a large number of instances cattle will not drink under such circumstances. In the case of cows in milk especially, it would pay to warm the water a little and carry it to them in pails rather than expose them as is often done. If the chill is taken off the water and particularly if a little bran or meal is mixed in, they will be sure to drink, as they would not if turned out into the yard, and if we are feeding cows for milk it is of importance that they should drink freely and regularly.

The small or round turnip comes in very well at this season of the year, and it may be fed freely till January or till the supply is exhausted, when it is time to begin on the Swedes. We take it for granted that every good and wise farmer has laid in a stock of roots for winter feeding and the object is to feed them out to the best advantage. It is a mistake, we think to attempt to carry a stock of cattle through the winter without the aid of roots. They will live, to be sure, and may get through the winter months very well, but a few roots every day are not only greatly relished, but they are great promoters of health and digestion. We think cows will do enough better the following summer to pay for a few roots every day through the winter. There is always time to give them a thorough carding every day also. That little attention is too often neglected and not unfrequently cows have to go from December to May without this healthful rubbing down. Every farmer knows how much they like it when it is done gently, and if there were no other reason for it we would not neglect it. All cattle ought to be fed regularly.

The woodpile is always needing some attention and a few hours a day in chopping wood will be in order now, though many farmers in this part of the country are getting to burn coal, and think it, on the whole, more economical and satisfactory. It keeps a steadier fire and warms up the house a little better. But where wood is used, the winter ought to be improved to get up the supply for the year. It is a very shiftless plan to leave it to the spring or summer. Time is too valuable then to have to stop a day's work to run and get up wood to keep the pot boiling. It is always best to keep a stock of wood on hand for a year's supply ahead and it is a very comfortable and independent feeling that attends a first rate supply of fuel.

There is more or less time every day that can be devoted to reading and study. A knowledge of books is as valuable to a farmer as to anybody else, while the pressing work of most other seasons of the year makes it more difficult for him to get it at other seasons than it is for most others. The eight and ten hour system now so generally applied in practice by most mechanics enables them to devote more time to it throughout the year, if they are so disposed. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that they do not avail themselves more generally of the opportunities they have, but with the farmer, as a general rule, this season of comparative leisure must be improved or the year rolls round and leaves him no better off intellectually than he was at its beginning. It is of special importance therefore, that every spare moment should be devoted to mental culture now. If any one will begin a systematic course of reading and study now and keep it up till April, it is astonishing how much can be accomplished. And there is less difficulty in doing it than there was a few years ago. The multiplicity of town libraries during the last decade has been a great blessing to the community, since it has brought the means of culture within the range of every one who has any taste for it and at a very trifling expense. What is wanted now is a determined will to make the most of the glorious opportunities that have been afforded by public spirited individuals and by prosperous communities.

We do not mean to convey the idea that books alone will make a man great or good or prosperous, but energy of character, honesty and earnestness of purpose and other things being equal, the man who possesses r. knowledge of books will have a great and manifest advantage in the race of life over him who is destitute of this knowledge. But even if it were not so, and happiness alone were the chief end and aim of existence, the faithful and systematic study of books is the most direct way to attain it. They are truly the great levellers of Society. They give to all who will diligently use them the society and the spiritual presence of the best and the greatest of our race. A man may be ever so poor, ever so humble in life, and yet if the choice spirits among the living and the dead come in to cheer his household and to keep him company, he will not lack for intellectual companionship, and he may become a cultivated man in the midst of all the obstacles with which his life is beset.

The young especially ought to make the most of their leisure hours of winter. They may be hours of golden value to them, freighted with rich blessings to shed their influence over their whole after lives or they may be frittered away and leave no enduring mark behind. Let them learn to appreciate the value of time, and to feel that they are to be the architects of their own fortune. The inspiration to be derived from good books will lead them to cherish higher aims and loftier purposes in life.

FORESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

To a person who visits California for the first time and goes directly to Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton and the valley region generally, there is a feeling of surprise at the absence of forests and trees. He will see but little that rises above the dignity of shrubbery. As he descends the foothills to enter the Sacramento valley he will see more or less of a park like growth of live oaks, but for the most part the vegetation will appear small and meagre compared with what he had been led to expect and he will have a feeling of disappointment that the forests fail so far below his expectations.

The fact is the forests are found chiefly in the Sierra Nevada range, and in the Coast range to the north of San Francisco, extending to the extreme north as far as Humboldt Bay. The Coast range to the south, farther than Livermore Pass, is bare and bald, though to the extreme south there are broad belts of splendidly wooded country.

The redwoods, after the giant pines and the Big Trees of the Sierra, are the glory of California, and furnish by far the larger part of the lumber so extensively used in San Francisco and in all the large towns for building purposes. The redwood is nearly allied to the *Sequoia gigantea* or the "big tree" proper, and is usually classed in the same genus, as the *Sequoia sempervirens*. It has no equal as a wood of commerce on the Pacific coast. The largest trees are fully fifty feet in circumference and grow to an enormous hight, with scarcely any perceptible diminution in size up to two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet without branches, but they often reach three hundred and sometimes three hundred and fifty or three hundred and seventy-five feet, standing like gigantic wooden columns in the forest, with no shrubbery or underbrush to mar their beauty or to detract from the striking effect which they produce, and so thick that the sun cannot penetrate their shade to fall upon the earth beneath them.

The great belt of redwoods extends from Sonoma county, through Mendocino and Humboldt, to the extreme northern limit of the State at latitude forty-two degrees. In the vicinity of Eel River there are not far from a hundred thousand acres of as fine redwood timber as the world ever produced. Those best qualified to judge say these forests contain on an average eight hundred thousand feet of good lumber to the acre. This seems incredible to one who has been accustomed to our modest Maine and New Hampshire forests. It would amount to many billion of feet in all, and if a saw mill, with a cutting capacity of forty thousand feet per day were set to work to reduce that forest, it would require six thousand three hundred and eighty-nine years to work it up into lumber, and exhaust the supply. It would take twenty mills of equal capacity over three hundred and nineteen years, and that would allow no growth in the mean time.

The mills at present erected and in active operation on Humboldt Bay, have a capacity of producing about forty million feet a year. At this rate it would take them two thousand years to work up the Eel River timber belt alone. If the mills already running by steam around Humboldt Bay keep up their present rate of production of forty millions of feet a year to supply the San Francisco market, continue at it and produce at the same rate it will require eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty-five years to exhaust the redwoods of Humbolt county alone, but it is to be borne in mind that this heavy timber belt extends in a grand unbroken forest from Humboldt, through Mendocino and thirty-five miles into Sonoma county.

Language is inadequate to convey any idea of the vastness of these gigantic trees of the forests of that part of the State, and they go far to make up for the want of forest trees in the great central valley. But then there are the magnificent sugar pines of the Sierra Nevada in addition. They often grow to the height of two hundred and fifty or three hundren feet, with a diameter of six, eight, ten, or twelve feet, and as straight and limbless as an arrow for two-thirds of their height, and there are thousands of acres of these magnificent pines all over the higher ranges of the Sierra to the height of six or eight thousand feet above tide water. They constitute the lumberman's paradise.

TEACH BOYS THE USE OF TOOLS.—It is to be regretted that there are not schools to teach boys the initial principles of working hand tools, since this knowledge is essential to the proper understanding of how to use them. Simplicity in the form of an implement by no means implies facility in its use; indeed, it may be said that the more simple the tool, the greater is the skill required to use it properly and with maximum effect. Not every operator excels with pocket knife, axe, or saw; and, with the use of every tool, there is involved the demonstration of a definite principle.

The Horse.

ARAB HORSES.

The article on Arabia in the second volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is by William Palgrave, one of the first authorities upon the subject. A good portion of his article is given to that theme of never-failing wonder, the Arab horse. He says:

"Reared under an open shed, and early habituated to the sight of man, to the sound and glitter of weapons and to all the accessories of human life, the colt grows up free from vice or timidity, and even acquires a degree of intelligence that surprises a stranger. Barley and dates are the chief stall provender; but the grass of the pasture grounds, in the selection of which much care is taken, is the ordinary nourishment of an Arab horse. Of water the allowance is always kept purposely scant. A good Nejdee will canter four and-twenty hours in summer time and eight-and-forty in winter without once requiring a drink. Raw meat, dried, is occasionally given in small quantities when extra exertion is required; lucerne grass is employed for lowering the tone. Geldings are very rare. The color most frequently occurs is gray; then comes chestnut; then white and sorrel; mottled gray and black are now and then to be found; dark bay never. Colts are ridden early—too early, indeed—in their third, or even second year, and are soon broken into a steady walk or canter, and to the ambling pace which is a special favorite with Arab riders; racing, an Arab amusement from time immemorial, and the game of 'jerzed,' a kind of tournament, or mock fight, with blunt palm sticks, highly popular without the peninsula, complete the training as to wind and pace. Saddles are seldom used in Nejd, and stirrups never; but both are occasionally employed in Hijaz and Yemen. So it is, also, with bits, the place of which is taken in Nejd by halter-ropes, the real guidance of the animal being almost wholly effected by the pressure of the rider's leg and knee. Shoes, too, are of rare occurrence, nor are they needed in the light sand-mixed soil of the central provinces; on the other hand, the hoofs are often rubbed with grease, to counteract the drying effects of the heated ground. Of all niceties of grooming, docking and clipping excepted, the Arabs are masters; and their natural kindness to animals—a quality which they share with most Orientals, together with the care every reasonable man bestows on a valuable article of property—insures to an Arab horse good treatment at the hand of its owner. But Arab horses do not commonly enter tents, nor play with women and children, nor, in a general way, do they share the family meals, nor are they habitually kissed and cried over, as the imagination or credulity of some narrator has suggested. An Arab flying for life has, indeed, been known to give the only morsel of bread about him to his horse rather than eat it himself—an act in which self-preservation had as large a share as affection. Lastly, the standing prohibition of horse selling from Nejd has really nothing more romantic in it than narrow-minded application of the principles of protective monopoly; in other cases, reluctance to conclude a bargain simply indicates that the offer made was insufficient."

HEREDITARY DISEASE IN HORSES.

Darwin sums up his researches upon this subject as follows:

Even if no single fact had been known with respect to the inheritance of diseases and malformations by man, the evidence would have been complete in the case of the horse, and this might have been expected, as horses breed much quicker than man, are matched with care, and are highly valued. I have consulted many works, and the unanimity of belief by veterinarians of all nations, in the transmission of various morbid tendencies, is surprising. Authors who have had wide experience, give in detail many singular cases, and assert that contracted feet, with the numerous contingent evils of ringbones, curbs, splints, spavin, founder, and weakness of the front legs, broken and thick wind, melanosis, specific ophthalmia and blindness (the great friendly veterinarian, Hugard, going so far as to say that a blind race could soon be formed,) crib-biting, jibbing and ill temper—all are plainly hereditary. Youatt sums up by saying that there is scarcely a malady to which the horse is subject that is not hereditary, and Hugard adds that the doctrine that there is scarcely a disease that does not run in the stock, is gaining new advocates every day. I may add to those facts, established by such weight of concurrent testimony, what I have before remarked in general, namely, that it is not the actual ailments, such as contracted feet, ringbones, subs, splints and spavin, but the predisposing causes, that are transmitted. The disposition of parts, the imperfect shape and size, or the faulty texture of any tendon, bone or muscle most favorable to a particular disease, are transmitted from sire to son. The same may be said of those disorders that affect the internal organs or the whole body. The abnormal condition of the blood, and not the scrofulous symptoms it produces, is hereditary. The weakness in some of the muscles of the larynx that causes roaring has a hereditary tendency. The narrow loins and flat sides that give a proneness to attacks of diarrhœa and colic, belong to a certain lineage.

Porcine.

YARD FOR PIGS.

I believe that one great reason why pigs do not prove more profitable on a great many farms is because they do not have enough clean yard-room in which to run and forage. Too often they are confined to a small pen and a very small yard, both of which are dirty. They have not even a clean grass spot, or grass or other green food to eat, but must constantly stay in a close yard or pen. For large hogs, this restriction is injurious, but for little pigs it is very much worse. Young animals want liberty to exercise their muscles and clean grass on which to feed. A few farmers let their pigs run at will, but they are apt to do a great deal of mischief. One of my neighbors, who raises a great many pigs, used to let them run into my garden, corn and potatoes, tread down my grass, and they did a great deal of damage to my crops; but he always had nice pigs, and there was no evident reason except that he allowed them full liberty out of doors. Now I do not approve of having a drove of pigs running through gardens and crops, but I think it would pay even small farmers to fence in an eighth or a fourth of an acre of land adjoining their hog-yards, and let their pigs run a part of the time every day in this inclosure. When they get large enough to root turf land, they can be shut into their ordinary yards or else have the tendons of their noses cut or rings put in to keep them from doing mischief. But whether it is used for large hogs or not, it would certainly pay farmers who raise many pigs to furnish them such a yard.—*Live Stock Journal.*

☞ In Canada, between 1869 and 1874, the production of cheese rose from 4,500,000 pounds to 24,000,000, or over 500 per cent. in five years. Since 1872, when the exports of butter amounted to 19,068,348 pounds, the exports of this commodity have rapidly fallen off.

Correspondence.

TREATMENT OF FOWLS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

C. T. R. of Ashby, seems to be one of those kind of people who like to understand what they are about. I, like her, have thought that fowls oftentimes get diseased through a want of proper food systematically given. In the year of 1872 my fowls laid 375 dozen eggs between the 1st of January and the 10th of May. I find by looking over my books that during that time I fed my fowls oats, scraps, horse beef, corn, wheat, shorts, and fine feed, four cents per head per week covering the first cost of their keep. Having kept fowls for the last twenty years I am now convinced that grown fowls should be fed almost entirely on whole grain. At present prices half a cent per day will keep a hen weighing five pounds in good condition until the first of March, after which fowls become more active and their food should be increased about one-fifth until the grass is well started in the spring.

Take one part crushed scraps (beef preferred) ten parts corn, four parts wheat screenings and three parts oats and mix it together; feed this six days and on the seventh feed scraps and shorts in the proportion of one part scraps to ten of shorts; it should be soaked over night and warm water added in the morning, also add either pepper or finely chopped onions. Fowls should be fed as well in January as in any month in the year. I never feed oats to any extent in the summer. Cabbage and beet I consider essential as a green diet in the winter, as also fresh meat occasionally. The manure should be taken up every day and if possible something dry thrown under the roost. Always talk to your fowls when feeding; take the feed and call them around after you until they are eager for it. A supply of coarse gravel and crushed shells (especially egg shells) should be a part of the regime.

A good place for fowls to dust themselves in is of far more importance than most people suppose. Pile up a pile of something that is loose and throw ashes upon it and as often as the fowls tear it down shovel it into a heap again. In the winter a box three by four feet square will furnish room enough for a large flock of fowls to dust in (seventy-five or a hundred); put three inches of fine sand, such as the masons use to make house plastering of, and one inch of wood ashes, stir it together and you have a first rate dusting place for your fowls as I know by experience, or rather my fowls do. One thing more I wish to speak of and that is to give your fowls a good place to lay in, a barrel either lying down or standing up, with about one-third of the head left in, suits them about as well as anything.

Yours truly, H. M. B.

Stoughton, Mass., Nov. 20th, 1875.

The Farm.

PASTURES.

In the dairying districts more improved land is devoted to pasturage than to all other purposes, and more income is derived from it annually. Yet there is comparatively but little done to improve that branch of husbandry. It is noticeable in passing through the country that pastures, as a general rule, are growing less productive, and the quality of feed poorer, by reason of foul weeds that are increasing in the soil. Thistles, milk weed, daisies, and many other unwholesome weeds, occupy the soil instead of nutritious grasses. To eradicate them and get a clean sward of grass that will pay for fertilizing, keep them from seeding for a season, or their seed will be ploughed under, then cultivate and kill the root and re-seed with a variety of grasses adapted to the soil. Mow the first crop of grass, to give the roots a good spread in the soil before tramping it by cattle, and keep cattle off in spring till the grass gets sufficient growth to strengthen and protect its root. It will then yield more feed during the season following than if kept closely grazed in early spring. If cattle are turned into large pastures before there is feed enough to get their fill, they rove about and cripple the young grass by their travel, and acquire thereby a restless habit of roving which lessens their thrift. Where the sward is not much engrossed with foul weeds, many kinds may be destroyed as follows: Daisies, Johnson-wort, and others that are not top rooted, are killed at once by pulling off their top and dropping a handful of salt on the root bed. The milk weed (so called) is easily kept by whipping and splitting the leaves late in August; then the thick sap will flow so copiously from the wounded stalk as to kill the root. No time of the farmer is better employed than in plucking all foul weeds before they seed; for if thoroughly done in due time it will enable him to keep master of his soil. No practice will more fully verify the old saying, that one stitch in time saves nine. Dairy farmers especially should war against any plant growth that would injure the quality of milk for butter and cheese, or lessen the growth of others that are more desirable. The quality of milk is varied by the kind of forage eaten. It therefore behooves the milk producer to keep a clean grass sward for grazing with cows.—*Cor. Utica Herald.*

WHISTLING MEN ARE KIND TO ANIMALS.—An old farmer once said to us that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always whistles. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plough were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, or drive her on a run into the stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled, without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

SAVE YOUR SOAPSUDS.—A person who would throw away a barrel of soft soap, or a box full of hard soap, would be called wasteful, as such material will operate like an excellent fertilizer when spread around fruit trees of any sort, or berry bushes. After a barrel of soap has been diluted, and has passed through the washtub, the elements of fertility in the mass will be even more valuable to growing trees and plants than if applied in any other manner.

☞ The Patrons of Albany, Oregon, have a warehouse that holds 120,000 bushels of wheat, and they intend to fit up another one the same size, and a flouring mill that will grind 300,000 bushels of wheat, so that they can flour their own wheat.

KILLING BRUSH.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In all the New England towns that I have yet visited, I have noted the great prevalance of brush in the pastures. The question arises, can they be killed out? Yes. In what way can it be done? First by ploughing. This is a sure way, and a well followed up will make a clean sweep of the trouble. Second by cutting with a scythe at different seasons of the year. If the brush is large, it is in many cases a sure thing. Small brush must be closely followed, in order to be successful. Third by sheep pasturing. This is the least reliable way. No doubt the sheep will kill some, but not all.

Old farmers contend that brush can be killed best, by mowing them on the old of the moon. This may be so, but it does not work with us on whortleberry brush. In order to conquer these fellows, we go for the root.

We wish to speak well of an agricultural tool recently manufactured, which we call a "Brush Hoe." It is an improvement on the "Grub Hoe." In rocky land, and in order to prepare new land for the plough, it is worth as much as the plough itself. Its cost ($1,50) places it at once within the command of every farmer. If a farmer once uses one he will take care to never be without one thereafter.

We hope to see our pastures yet under a better management. The farmer draws from them largely every year, but the brush therein discourages him from making improvement. We hope the farmers will look the brush question more fully over. If a pasture is wet we have known drainage to accomplish great things. We hope farmers will attempt the job. Don't take a large piece. Take one acre and do it well. If satisfied take another. We know brush can be got rid off. It only lacks the will to do it. Labor is high, and no doubt this discourages many, but times are changing, and no doubt the labor question will be settled in a manner satisfactory to all.

The farmers of New England contend that the railroads have ruined their grain crops for profit, and so they will allow the land to run wild. Has it ruined the hay crop? We think the prices in market tells a different story. We candidly believe that the New England farmer never had better inducements offered him to improve his land than to-day. We see no reasonable excuse for neglecting any part of the farm.

It is a strange idea for a farmer to get, to think the West can raise a crop; send it a long distance to market; pass it through several men's hands; allow each to make a profit; and lastly undersell us in our own market? If we allow the West to feed us, what are we going to do? do nothing? It will get a poorer living than our present occupation. We must compete, we must raise such crops as will return us the most profit, and lastly we must not allow our land to grow wild. J. N. A.

Smithdale, R. I., Nov. 29th, 1875.

The Poultry Interest.

GOOD RANGE AND PLENTY OF WATER.

A correspondent of the *Poultry Argus*, gives the suggestions below on these topics: "I have for many years been a poultry fancier, and for a few years have bred the Asiatic and French varieties, and am satisfied that it pays better than the same capital in any other investment.

Although the past year has been a very unfavorable one, and many poultry yards have been almost entirely depopulated by diseases incident to fowls, still this is no argument against the improvement of our domestic birds. Large numbers of fowls cannot be successfully reared together especially in limited range, and this is often a cause of defeat with inexperienced fanciers who are anxious to increase their numbers beyond the capacity of their accommodations, and ready to ascribe the cause to something else, for which they look forever in vain. This is the rock on which I split, and it was only by sad experience that I learned the truth that beyond a certain limit you must not attempt to go, and if you do your chances are, to lose all. As to the number of fowls which may be successfully reared on a given amount of space, that will depend on the location and surroundings. If the ground be high and dry, and remote from marshes, a larger number will thrive than on low and swampy ground, and although a pure and plentiful supply of water is indispensable, it should be supplied either by an active stream or a dripping fountain. It has been estimated that one acre of ground is enough for three hundred fowls, but my opinion is to the reverse, and that three acres of ground will better accommodate one hundred fowls. In conclusion, let me say that upon the hygienic surroundings of your poultry yards, buildings, etc., much of your success will depend.

CURE OF GAPES.

The Lancaster *Farmer* says: "In a recent conversation with an experienced chicken-raiser, he informed us that he had been very successful in conquering the gapes in young fowls by the application of air slaked lime. As soon as a manifestation of gapes appears, he confines his chickens in a box one at a time, and places a coarse piece of cotton or linen over the top. Upon this he places the pulverised lime, and taps the screen sufficiently to cause the lime to fall through. This lime dust the fowl inhales and it makes it sneeze, and in a short time the cause of the gapes is thrown out in the form of a slimy mass of worms, which had accumulated in the windpipe and smaller air vessels. This remedy he considers superior to any he has ever tried, and he seldom fails to effect a perfect cure. He has abjured all those mechanical means by which it is attempted to dislodge the worms with instruments made of whalebone, hog bristles or fine wire, alleging that people are quite as apt to push the creatures further down the throat of the fowls as to draw them up.

COOKED FOOD FOR CATTLE.—Professor Wilkinson of Baltimore, says: "I conducted an agricultural school and experimental farm for eight years, and experimented with feeding cooked and uncooked food of every description used for cows, horses, swine, working and fattening cattle, and poultry, and carefully noted the result, which was in all cases very remunerative; so much so that even with the defective, inconvenient, and expensive apparatus used—for want of better—in steaming, manipulating, and feeding, I found there was an average profit of fully 25 per cent., that is, in feeding the variety of animals named; but in feeding milch cow at cold weather with warmed, steamed food of every description, there was a profit of over 30 per cent., when the animals were kept at proper temperature, and fed with proper proportions of nutritious food,

The Sheepfold.

WINTER YARD FOR SHEEP.

One of the important things in the winter care of sheep is that the yard where they are allowed to run shall be absolutely well littered and dry. They never should be compelled to move about or stand in yards that are covered with muddy litter, much less the actual mud itself. It is sometimes difficult in the West, with our changeable winters, with alternate freezing and thawing, to keep the yard in proper condition without using a large amount of litter.

It should, however, be done at any cost of material, and when once there is a sufficient layer of straw in the litter, the subsequent quantity will be found to be but little. Since on most Western farms there is always much straw that must go to waste, and since also the litter and drippings make most valuable manure, it will be found to be economy in the end, from this point of view.

Besides this, the clean outdoor bed to stand on in wet weather, and the clean and warm one in cold weather, will so promote their well being, and consequently health, as to prevent the occurrence of those diseases incident to sheep that must be subject more or less to wet, and at certain seasons of the year spongy pastures.

Muddy yards prevent sheep, and indeed all animals, from moving about and taking the exercise absolutely necessary to comfort and health. The absolute dryness of the yards is especially susceptible to foot rot, foulk, and the other diseases incident to mud and unclean'y care.

If a little straw be scattered over the yard at proper intervals after the first good coating is given in the autumn, the sheep will pick a little of the better portions, and be all the better for what they tread under foot. —*Western Rural.*

DOGS vs. SHEEP IN OHIO.

That dogs should be more numerous than sheep and hogs throughout the whole South is not to be wondered at, and old Nat Macon, who represented North Carolina for so many years in Congress, only gave expression to the sentiments of his people when he declared in his place that he would go out of his way at any time to *kick* a sheep! The wealthy planters of the South inherited from their ancestry a love of fox hunting and other field sports; they, most of them, kept hounds, setters and pointers, and rather than give them up would have seen the whole bovine race perish from the face of the earth. Every negro had his own or "peculiar" dog—generally a "yaller" dog, with a stump tail—and the number of curs kept by the poorer whites is to this day just in proportion to the poverty of the individual owners, and even now, notwithstanding the great social and industrial revolution which has passed like a cyclone over the Southern States, it would be difficult to find in any one of them a single delegate representing a rural district in the Legislature, who would have sufficient unselfish patriotism to commit political suicide in advocating a tax upon dogs. But if this could be done, if all the worthless dogs could be taxed out of existence, sheep husbandry might be introduced into the South on a great scale, and the benefits to be derived from it, direct, by the growth of wool and indirectly by the resuscitation of the worn out lands, would exceed the powers of computation.

The wool clip of Virginia alone would equal in value the cotton crop of any one of her sister States. The hoofs of ten millions of sheep might, in verification of the Spanish proverb, transmute the barren soil of her gullied hills and exhausted fields into gold, and twenty millions of dollars be annually added to her agricultural production. But, alas! the dog owners outvote the wool growers, and thus not the old Commonwealth only, but the whole South, is deprived of a great national industry admirably suited to its climate and soil and productive of incalculable wealth.

The recent Gubernatorial election in Ohio was not only a struggle for political supremacy between two great parties, but it was also a contest for supremacy between the dog and the sheep owners, and, astonishing as it may appear, one of the greatest, most prosperous and enlightened agricultural communities in the whole world decided, after mature consideration, by a deliberate vote at the polls, that a great agricultural interest should remain subordinate to a mania for the ownership of dogs, ninety-nine hundreths of which are worthless curs of low degree!

At the recent election in Ohio, at which an enormous vote was polled, the amendment taxing dogs received 278,000 votes, but it failed to receive a majority of the total vote by 17,000, and was consequently lost.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

THE GRANGE IN ENGLAND.

At the Annual Social Science Congress of Great Britain, the Earl of Roseberry, President of the Association, after speaking of the various Unions to be found in the United States, such as the Sons of Toil, the Brotherhood of Labor, the Sovereigns of Industry, continued thus: "But incomparably above these towers the gigantic association of Patrons of Husbandry, commonly called the Grange; a great agricultural co-operative, independent union. Its progress has been amazing. Its first Grange, or lodge, was formed in the last month of 1867; there are at this moment, 20,500, with 1,311,226 members. At the end of the year it is certain that they will have 30,000, with 2,000,000 members. The order is practically identified with the agricultural population of twenty-six States, and with two-thirds of the farmers in ten others. In Missouri alone there are said to be 2,150 Granges; they are making way in Canada. Pennsylvania began the year with sixty lodges, and at this moment she has 500.

"Why this enormous increase? The answer is simple, for it is alleged that membership adds not less than fifty per cent. to the income of the Grangers. The California Grangers have their own fleet, and ship their corn direct to Liverpool, by which they saved $2,000,000 in freights in the year 1873. Their vessels bring as return cargoes, tea, sugar, coffee, silk and other commodities, which are retailed to members at cost price; and a system is being organized by which their ships return with loads of every foreign article which they may need. They are thus an independent mercantile nation. But they are more. They have a social, religious and political as well as co-operative aspect. They have a secret password, renewed annually. Grange banks, Grange plough manufactories, Grange grocery stores, besides Grange poems, Grange burial services. They declare that they are going to labor for the good of mankind, of which they intend to raise the standard. They mean to secure obedience to the laws and general brotherhood; and, on the other hand, to suppress fashion, bribery and selfish ambition. Their very success has made them run into extravagances, but that success is a social symptom we can not afford to disregard."

☞ The Grangers' District Council of Southern Ohio, Southeastern Indiana and Northern Kentucky have passed resolutions expressing the belief that the hog crop is about 25 per cent. short, and therefore urging farmers not to part with their hogs without a very considerable increase over prices now current.

☞ The Lansing *Republican*, says about 1,800 bushels of corn, 400 of which were soft, has been harvested from twenty acres on the Michigan Agricultural College farm this year.

Horticulture.

HOW CAN I RAISE QUINCES?

To this question the *Germantown Telegraph* says, "that they can be raised as easily as apples or pears, in the way we shall describe. There is no secret about it. Get the 'orange' variety. See that they are entirely free of the borer before planting. Set six or eight feet apart in rich soil. Bandage the stem with two or three wrappings of old muslin, or any kind of cloth, as far down in the ground as possible, as the roots start from near the surface. Let this bandage run six or eight inches above ground, then pile the soil compactly a couple of inches around the bandage, and renew this early every spring. Fine, large golden quinces, rivalling the largest oranges, will bless your efforts annually."

"Should the borer by any means steal in, ferret them out carefully with a piece of wire. Should they, however, get the advantage of you, and your trees become honeycombed, set out again young trees, so that by the time the old ones are gone the young ones will be finely in bearing. We have raised these quinces in perfection, but not caring for the fruit they were removed when they were about to die from the operations of the worm."

The *Fancier's Journal* and *Poultry Exchange*, comments on this as follows:

We have long held the opinion that if fanciers who own the land on which their poultry yards are situated, would plant them with quince trees, they would realize more value from the fruit than from the fowls, which would be greatly benefitted by the shade, and in return would make it very uncomfortable for the borer, so much so, that it is our opinion the trees would live to a good old age. In the Philadelphia market this fruit has realized from four to eight dollars per bushel for many years.

DISEASES OF PEACH TREES.

A peach grower communicates to the *Gardener's Monthly* a recipe, an old one he believes, in a few localities in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, which might be more generally tested. It is simply one part of saltpetre to two of salt, placed close to the body of a tree before a rain. It seems not only to destroy any fungoid growth or vermin which may be infesting the roots, but to act as an excellent fertilizer. He received some large fruit trees a few years ago, sent by some friends a distance of ninety miles, and they were considerably mangled in the transit. Two of them were probably not less than four years old, a peach and a plum; the first got the yellows or the blues the succeeding season and the second wouldn't perfect its fruit. He gave them a dose of medicine, when they spunked up and rejuvenated, put on a new garment of emerald green, and promised amendment for the future. The succeeding year he got two bushels of peaches, and ten pounds of perfect fruit.

He adds that old successful fruit growers were in the habit of drawing the earth away from their trees in the fall and sprinkling liberally with lime; they were left in this condition till spring, when the earth was drawn back again and recipe as above applied.

KEEPING APPLES.—A report in the *N. Y. Times* says: "We have tried many ways for the safe keeping of apples, but we find none better than to put them into barrels and head them up tightly, so as to exclude all the air and light possible, and store them in cool, dark, dry cellars. The nearer apples can be kept to the freezing point, (32 deg. Fahrenheit,) the longer and better they will keep. If the mercury in the cellar sinks a few degrees below this point apples well headed up in the barrels will not suffer, as wood is a non-conductor of heat, and the life of the apple aids in resisting cold just as the life of the tree resists the rigors of winter. As the apple is the fruit of this country, and is so conducive to health and comfort, it is worth while to put up a few barrels with special reference to next summer's use. For this purpose select the late keeping varieties, such as Newton Pippins, Roxbury Russets, or even Northern Spys, and after the barrels are filled shake down among them some plaster (gypsum) till all the interstices are filled. This keeps out the air so effectually that they are virtually canned, and come out the next summer almost as fresh as when picked. We have known Roxbury Russets keep perfectly fresh for two years packed in this manner

The Apiary.

AGES OF BEES.

The queen passes the period of about three days in the egg and five as a worm; the workers then close her cell, and she immediately begins to spin her cocoon, which takes her from twenty to twenty-four hours. On the tenth and eleventh days, and perhaps a part of the twelfth day, she seems to be exhausted by her hard labor. She now remains in almost complete repose; she then passes four or five days as a nymphs, and on the fifteenth to the sixteenth day a perfect queen is attained. Much depends upon the strength of the colony and the heat of the season, which will vary it from one to two days.

The drone passes three days in the egg and about six in the worm, and changes into a perfect insect on the twenty-fourth day after the egg is laid. Much depends on the strength and heat of the colony, which should be about seventy degrees Fah., for their speedy development. They lay in rather a dilatory state for several days after they hatch, before taking wing.

The worker bee spins its cocoon in thirty-six hours. After passing three days in the egg in this state of preparation for a new life, it gradually undergoes a great change, and becomes armed with a firmer body with scales of a brownish color and somewhat fringed with light hairs. On its belly it has six rings or scales. After it has reached the twenty-first day of existence—reckoning from the egg—it comes forth from the cell on the twenty-first to the twenty-second day a perfect insect, and is termed an imago.—*Practical Farmer.*

BLOOD AS A MEDICINE.—A Chicago newspaper attempts to throw doubt upon the statement of a New York correspondent that long lines of fashionable invalids may be seen every morning at the slaughter houses, waiting to drink warm blood as a remedial agent; and the paper concludes that if such is the fact, it demonstrates a lamentable ignorance on the part of the patients and physicians.

The truth is that the drinking of warm blood as a remedy for consumption, or an exhausted system, has been practiced for several years in New York and Boston. It is not uncommon to see from fifty to one hundred carriages, containing invalids from the highest to the lowest stations of life, waiting at the slaughter houses, for the men to bring out the glasses of blood, which is furnished without cost.

As to the matter of ignorance, the results appear to sanction the practice, and to disprove any theories—if such exist—of any unfavorable effects.

☞ Warmth, light and proper ventilation are very important objects requiring the attention of the careful stock raiser, for stock will fatten much quicker when the stable is kept warm, and the carbonic acid gas, which the animals breathe, and the ammonia from the manure have free egress, and a current of fresh air can rush in and supply its place.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

TO MY FOREMAN.

BY AN ABSENT FARMER.

LETTER NUMBER IV.

The Manure Pile—Raw Muck as a Fertilizer—Fish for Composting, etc.

11 RUE BALZAC,
PARIS, Aug. 1875.

To make our manure piles as many and as large as possible, all your energies must now be directed. For whatever success we are to have in our efforts to raise large and paying crops depends mainly upon the quantity of manure we can manage to provide that shall not cost too much. Before you are to be "frozen up" for the season there is still important work to be done in that line. Your barn cellars are, I know, well supplied with muck which will do good service there, but there are other uses for our abundant stores of muck which are hardly less important. Very valuable substances can be had in our neighborhood at small cost, which when properly composted with muck will make good manure; so let us see how much you can accomplish in the way of composts, besides those made with barn yard manure.

Here let me say in a parenthesis that raw muck I have found to be utterly useless as a fertilizer, at least it is so with our muck.

I know that Prof. Johnson in his book, *Peat and its Uses*, gives many instances of the use of clear, raw muck where it has been found to be of equal value with barn yard manure. I won't dispute so high an authority, nor will I attempt to account for his facts. I can only say we don't have that kind of muck in our neighborhood; I wish we did, for then we could easily make farming pay.

I have

grounds and views, is furnished with great simplicity. In the library and study we saw a small Swiss-wood clock of the same pattern—though of smaller size—as one we purchased for ourselves at Interlaken. The services Sabbath morning in the Union Chapel were the most stimulating, refreshing and satisfactory of any we have attended on the continent. Though a mile and a half distant (from 18 Zolton on the Thiergarten), we maintained our home scruples about patronizing a public violation of the Sabbath, and walked rapidly from the chapel. Saw many of the stores open and the throngs of a pleasure seeking people, who seem to live only for the present. One gets this impression in nearly all European cities.

Before sailing we decided to *take with us* what of principle we possessed, and to see nothing, do nothing among strangers in foreign lands that we would not do at home, for it is charged that many people come over here and do many questionable things in which they do not indulge at home; showing that it is not *principle* but only the restraints of society that check and to some extent control them among acquaintances and friends. We never would send a child to any of these continental countries, cities, to be educated; for so far as our observation goes, young people here from England and America without paternal influence and restraint—and sometimes with it—as a rule are inclined to adopt the "liberal" opinions and the loose morals that prevail.

On our way to church we passed the very large and magnificent monument recently erected—and still incomplete, near the Brandenburg Gate, in the Thiergarten—(an immense park a mile wide and two to three miles long,) to commemorate the victories over the French, in the recent war. When, thought we, ah when shall we see equally beautiful, elaborate and costly memorials established to commemorate the bloodless triumphs of peace ! Him who is the Prince of Peace ? Yet such triumphs, self-perpetuating, need no material monuments, for they are their own commemorating memorials, whose lustre time cannot dim and eternity will only brighten.

A great convenience often—to find the fare on the railroads printed on each ticket. The second class cars in Germany are better than any other we have found, and seem quite equal to the first except in show. The second class in Holland are poorer than any other we have occupied since we crossed the Alps, but the distances are short. We find the *people* travel in the third class. Especially in Germany, well dressed and apparently business men occupy the uncushioned seats of "Ill Klasse" which we might "*stand*" for a short time, but could not endure long, with our neuralgia, in the use for which they were made.

We occasionally get a glimpse of "Shoddy." A cheap, poor "dignity" is that, easily soiled—like patty and clay, compared with polished marble.

True dignity is not afraid of soiling its hands by needful work. The story of the woman who ordered a pair of gloves sent home lest she soil her hands, if a caricature is significant. "The great apostle to the gentiles" had a *royal dignity* lading with his own hands for his own support while he preached "the unsearchable riches of Christ," our Saviour, thus placing himself in sympathy with "the people," an element of wonderful success.

Monday morning we took through tickets to Frankfort-on-the-Main, (on some roads passengers are not allowed to ticket and "stop over,") and made our first stop at Wittenberg, a quaint rusty old town from which the spirit, the life of the Reformation seems to have flown like a bird from its shell.

The Stadt Church in which Luther preached, and is the Westminster of the place, yet the remains of Luther and Melancthon rest beneath the pulpit-trap-doors in the floor of the Castle Church; on the walls opposite and opposite each other, are life size portraits of the great reformer and his friend. This church in which Luther occasionally preached and from the placarded entrance to which he once so notoriously *fulminated*, seems to have remained unchanged except ing the principal doors, which have been replaced by bronze ones, containing the subjects of his ninety-five theses.

The room occupied by him, in what was originally a convent;—then the distinguished University in which he was professor, and now a Protestant Seminary—with the table, chair, stove etc., he used, was shown us. Five to six hours ride took us to Erfurt, where we spent the night; a city once containing 80,000 inhabitants, now reduced to less than half that number. How is it, thought we, that the *cradle* and the crib of the reformation are thus left to decay ? When the children are grown, the old cradle is rarely rocked. In the morning we rode to the Martinstift and saw in the chapel of the old convent, now an Orphan Asylum, pictures of Luther and his friends, some of his books, one of his manuscripts and other relics. His old Bible and cell, we inferred from what we couldn't understand of German, was in some way burned up. At Eisenach we saw Wartburg Castle, which came nearer to our idea of a *castle* than any we have seen—in which Luther was confined from his enemies and where he threw the devil at his ink-stand, where he *inkstand* at the *devil*. Wish he had *knifed* him, whereas it don't appear that he did more than *blacken* him. Well, ink has since revealed his *blackness* more than ever before and rightly used will ever darken his kingdom and hasten on the reign of Him who shall put all things under his feet.

We didn't dare to *visit* the castle (in the time we had) lest Luther's adversary claim us as his own—till we had been to Amsterdam where a specialty is the refining of *Borax*, an industry of which and the cutting of diamonds the Capital of North Holland has almost a monopoly. We rarely saw a cow in King William's territory.

In Germany and Austria they have *beer* "for babes," and sausages and "brod," carraway seed seasoned peas, bread and potatoes, nutmeged (wish they had been "wooden-nutmegged") soups and meats, straw golf flavored, greasy cakes and many other eatables (?) curiously flavored for *those who can bear them*—washed down with copious draughts of bier. Below Wittenberg, we saw for the first time a "cradle" in a harvest field. We had seen an occupied *baby cradle*, however, in a vegetable field in Italy, with a woman at work in charge.

Water don't run down hill in a large part of Germany; below Eisenach however, the country is much diversified and in some places there are quite prominent elevations. Along the valley above Fulda we saw considerable (of what we supposed to be) hand made linen bleaching on the grass and sometimes with large examining committees of *geese* on hand walked over it like the dignity of a "joint committee" of a city government. The extended bills of the former were shorter than the reputed ones of the latter and far less *liquid*. With the above named beds we associated the elder down coverings we had found on our beds. Frankfort (which we reached before 5 P. M.) is a comely, enterprising and rich city where art flourishes—with many statue adorned squares with a sort of park or shaded promenade extending on three sides around the city, with Main river as a base. The finest monument is in Rossmarket, surmounted by statues in bronze of Gutemberg, Faust and Schoeffer, the inventors of printing. The most quaint houses with overhanging gables we have seen we found in its old and narrow streets, in one of which, somewhat modernized, we visited the antique house in which Goethe was born. As in Italy, most of the few people we usually find in the Catholic churches—which we visit infrequently seem devoutly sincere, but we are disgusted with the flummery, tomfoolery of the priests, the deceivers of the people Photoghanhs in Frankfort are a hundred and twenty-five per cent. higher than in Italy. Everywhere North of the Alps we find them double the price in Venice, Florence and Rome. A dealer in Antwerp claimed Venice as the best and cheapest place in all Italy. No one don't know what views he wants till he has seen the originals. Those who travel from North to South, which the lateness of the season would not admit of our doing will save money by buying their pictures of all kinds in Italy. We had thought to cover the whole trip from Berlin (where we heard the orchestra of young ladies) to Paris—in one communication but lest we weary the patience of your readers we defer notes of Holland and Belgium till another week. To those who prefer a quiet home like place to a hotel we name Madam Noxsky, 9 Lutichau Strasse, Dresden, 47 Av. de la Tolson d'Or, Brussells, and our present excellent place of sojourn.

BORAX.

THE GRANGERS.—According to the report of the National Grange, there are at this time in the United States 22,925 Granges, and 1,450,000 members, representing 700,000 families. Indiana, Missouri and Iowa take the lead, having each over 2,000 Granges. Tennessee has 1,991, Alabama, Arkansas and Virginia over 600 each, Georgia over 700, Texas 1,196, and Kentucky 1,608. The Grange enterprises, it is calculated, absorb $18,000,000 of each capital, from a cheese factory through all classes of manufacture and investment up to a life insurance, a bank, railroad and steamboat companies, the last on the Mississippi. Of course, the great object of the organization is economy in the purchase of family goods and in the sale of their own produce, and in this respect it has probably had considerable influence in awaiting the return to the old prices and old ways of trading.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Farmers' Institute at Haverhill.

Tuesday, Nov. 30th, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 1st and 2d, 1875.

Tuesday—First Day.

The country meeting of State agriculture, opened in this city Tuesday, and continued till Thursday night. A large number of farmers were present, the majority of them, perhaps, from Essex county; but there were many from other parts of the State, and some gentlemen from New Hampshire. The exercises were held in Tilton's Hall, and were opened at twelve o'clock by Dr. Loring, chairman of the committee of arrangements, who made an entertaining address.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF DR. LORING.

In beginning he welcomed the Board to Essex county. He then spoke in a general way upon the agriculture of the county and of the State. Considering the assertion often made, that it had deteriorated, he challenged it, and said that it had only changed in conformity with the changes that had taken place in the population and business activities of the State. Instead of raising corn and wheat and oats and barley, as formerly, the farmers now devoted themselves to market gardening, which method of industry had proved as prosperous and successful as that of olden time. The Doctor spoke of the ancient implements of agriculture, and, while admitting that there had been great improvement in them, eulogized the old plough, with wooden mould board, iron shod. The advancement made in cattle breeding was also spoken of, but still we didn't have anything much better than the old Oakes cow, which was celebrated for giving seventeen quarts of milk a day, and for a full yield of milk from early spring to winter. At the close of the address the meeting adjourned till the afternoon.

"Experiments in Feeding Plants."

ADDRESS OF PROF. LEVI STOCKBRIDGE.

The afternoon session was opened by the Hon. Levi Stockbridge, by a lecture on "Experiments in Feeding Plants." He began by referring to the change that had taken place in the public mind with regard to what was necessary for plant nutriment In manures, the nitrogen and mineral theories had all had their strong advocates, but the theories had been exploded. For forty years had nitrogen been moving forward and backward in this matter in opinion, till to day they had all come to be of almost one mind. In the first place it was agreed that, as far as the plant was concerned, there was no difference in the two great classes of matter, organic or inorganic. No plant could thrive unless it had all it wanted of both organic and inorganic matter. No plant could thrive on the mineral element of nutrition alone, nor on the inorganic. So far as the organic elements themselves were concerned, neither one of the elements, so far as the plant was concerned, was of more importance than any other. For instance, carbon was just as important to the plant as nitrogen: nitrogen just as important as carbon. And they were agreed that the maxium amount of crop to be produced on any land was measured by the min-mum of elements of nutrition in the soil. For instance, a soil that had but a very small percentage of lime, the quantity of that crop would be measured by that minimum quantity of lime in the soil, and so in all other elements of nutrition. The first point of agreement was that no scientific men. The manner in which plants fed upon the soil was a question of agreement also among scientific men. But turning to the practical men, the farmers, who tilled the soil and cared for the crops, we found that there had not been any advance in the opinion and belief for forty years in relation to the subject of plant nutrition. The average farmer measured everything by the barnyard as the type, by quantity. He was absolutely beyond his belief that a certain amount of prepared material, placed within the reach of the plant, would do more good than tons of raw, crude material. They knew very little, speaking over the seasons, but what had the variations of the seasons to do with the nutritions of plants ? the speaker asked. The farmer said that he had one bit duty was to get his land to have a certain amount of crude, raw material in mass. In the first place the chemical condition of the air remained about the same year after year, generation after generation. The influence of the seasons on plant nutrition must be this: The variability of the temperature, the amount of water that fell, and the amount of sunshine. If it was a wet season manure did not decompose properly, and the plant starved for want of food. If little rain fell, the soil became dry, so that decomposition stopped, and the crude material, the barnyard manure, remained unchanged, and the plant starved. The farmer should know that, if he would feed plants and do it thoroughly, it was his duty to prepare the food for them.

The speaker then proceeded to give the results of the experiments made at the college in relation to this matter. It had been demonstrated early that there was no need of feeding the plant with carbon. That would be supplied by nature, and always would be. We needed to feed no other element of organic nutrition except nitrogen. Among the mineral element of the soil it was found we needed to use only potash and phosphoric acid. The experiments were with potatoes, corn, oats, hay, beans and the general garden vegetable crop. As the result of the experiment with corn he raised 74 bushels on a plot that was manured with the chemical elements, 49 more than on one that was not; potatoes, manured plot, 279 bushels, unmanured, 128; hay, manured plot, 3000 tons, unmanured, 1700; beans, manured, 23, unmanured, 4. The question would be asked, Suppose you did doctor up the land with some hocus-pocus material, how would it leave the land ? He would answer the question by saying that a plot on which he raised, in 1874, 74 bushels of corn, manured, was planted again this year, without manure, to see if the land was run out, or whether the process of 1874 would reach over into 1875 and affect advantageously the crop. The land produced 64 bushels. The objection might be raised, he said, that practical farmers could not procure such chemicals for their average farms, but in answer to this he gave results of experiments on lands in Amherst, outside of the college farm, and read letters from farmers in various parts of Massachusetts, who had used the fertilizers, to show what great things they had accomplished. In concluding he gave the following as the conclusions to which he had arrived by his experiments. Firstly, that it was possible to make the bare, worn out fields of Massachusetts flourish with waving grain, corn and grass, by the use of the chemical elements of plant nutrition; second, that in order to do this it was not absolutely necessary, it was no even desirable, he would say, to keep cattle for the sake of making barn yard manure; and third, that the question of nourishing crops was the cheapest of all known methods of producing.

Mr. Hapgood of Shrewsbury, gave a very interesting account of his method of raising Indian corn, in which he has been very successful. He exhibited some very remarkable specimen ears of the crop which he raised.

Mr. L. Burleigh, of Tilton Seminary, followed with a detailed statement of his method of raising corn by the use of the fertilizer, which he recommended highly.

Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, editor of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, said that he entirely confirmed what Professor Stockbridge had said in regard to the use of chemical fertilizers. He wished to describe the idea that there was any mystery in the use of them. All depended on a proper application of the material.

—Boston Daily Advertiser.

FAIRFIELD TOWN SHOW.

A SUCCESSFUL TOWN CATTLE SHOW IN MAINE.

From Lewiston Journal.]

The second annual exhibition of the Fairfield Maine Agricultural Society took place at Fairfield Centre, Me., Oct. 30. The morning of the fair opened cool and cloudy, with strong indications of rain; but the farmers and the stock breeders and farmers from bringing out the horses, cattle, sheep, etc., in large numbers, making the show a decided success. This town is noted for its fine horses and nice cattle. Among the horses owned in town are G. A. Nye's fine stallion Royal Knox, which won first premium and a $5-year old class of the recent State Fair; also the promising young stallion Dr. Franklin, owned by E. J. & G. W. Lawrence, which took the first prize in the 4-year-old class at the same place. Among the cattle breeders we have H. C. Burleigh, "the king of the Herefords," who has the best herd of Herefords in New England; Howard & Ellis, and Wm. Gifford, breeders of choice Shorthorns.

There were 47 entries of horses and colts, and would have been many more, had it not been for the large exhibition which is prevailing among the horses. There were on the ground 38 yoke of large and fine oxen, and 130 head of other neat stock. The average girth of 22 yoke of the oxen was 7.5 in. Some of the principal exhibitors were: H C. Burleigh with his herd of 23 Herefords, headed by the bull Compton Lad, the winner of 61 first class prizes; also a very fine Jersey cow recently purchased in R. I., out of one of the best herds in the State; also a nice Jersey heifer obtained in Conn. Howard and Ellis, with a herd of 13 Shorthorns, headed by a 2 years old bull, girt 7.2. Wm. Gifford with a small herd of Shorthorns, containing some choice animals. Watson Jones with a herd of 17 grades, in which we noticed a fine cow measuring 6 6. Nahum Tozier with a herd of 21 animals. Wm. Nowell with a herd of 10 animals. Silas Bates and Wm. Jakins with some choice Jerseys. Stephen Canon, 1 pair oxen, girt 7.7; H. C. Burleigh, 1 pr, 7.7; Wm. Jones, 2 pr, 7.6; Watson Jones, 2 prs, 7.4; C. H. Hoxie, 1 pr, 7.5; B. Gifford, 1 pr, 7.6; Samuel Hoxie, 1 pr, 7.5; Silas Wood, 1 pr, 7.5; Watson Holmes & Son, 1 pr 4 yrs old, that were beauties, 7.3; S. Hoxie, 1 pr twin steers, 2 yrs old, that attracted a good deal of attention, as like as two peas in a pod"—girt 6.7; Watson Jones, 1 pr 2 yrs old, girt 6.8; N. Tozier, 2 prs 2 yrs old, 6.4. Messrs. Green, Fuller, Hoxie and Bowman showed some fine colts.

One of the most interesting events of the day was the trial of town teams, one from North Fairfield and the other from the Centre, drawn by two lines side by side, composed of 38 yoke of oxen that were good ones. The trial of draft oxen occupied most of the afternoon, and was enjoyed by the crowd with evident satisfaction.

In the evening an address was delivered before the Society, on Agriculture, by H. C. Burleigh, Esq., which was highly instructive, and listened to by an appreciative audience.

The following preferences were awarded:—

HORSES.—Best stallion, 4 yrs old, 1st to E. J. & G. W. Lawrence, Saxon; 2d, Bowman & Jones, Fairfield Boy. 3 yrs old, 1st, Hiram Potter, Budd Doble. 2 yrs old, 1st to Fred Tobey. 1 yr old, 1st to Henry Green; 2d, C. A. Fuller; 3d, Jos. Taylor. Breeding Mares—1st, C. A. Fuller; 2d, H. A. Archer; 3d, C. A. Fuller. Sucking Colts—1st, E. J. & G. W. Lawrence; 2d, C. A. Fuller; 3d, H. A. Archer. Mares and Geldings: 4 yrs old—1st, Alfred Jones. 3 yrs old—1st, G. H. Hoxie. Fillies and Geldings: 2 yrs old, 1st, J. J. Bowman; 2d, Chas. H. Hoxie; 3d, W. L. Tozier. 1 yr old—1st, O. A. Bowman; 2d, J. L. Richardson; 3d, Stephen Delano. Family Horses—1st, Z. H. Tozier; 2d, Frank Fish. 3 best colts sired by one horse—1st to the get of Dr. Franklin; 2d, of Royal Knox. Draft Horses—1st, Wm. Jakins. Matched Horses—1st, Wm. Jakins.

CATTLE.—Thoroughbred Hereford Bulls—1st, H. C. Burleigh's Compton Lad; 2d, do. Horace; 3d, do. Gen. Grant. Hereford Bull Calves—1st, 2d and 3d to H. C. Burleigh. Durham Bulls—1st, Howard & Ellis; 2d, Wm. Gifford. Yearling Durham Bulls—1st, Howard & Ellis. Grade Bulls—1st, Watson Holway & Son. Grade Bull Calves—1st to same. Matched Oxen—1st, W. Holway & Son; 2d, Stephen Cannon; 3d, Watson Jones; 3d, E. M. Tozier. Yearlings—1st, S. Cannon; 2d, W. Gifford; 3d, N. Tozier. Trained Steers—1st, Z. H. Tozier; 2d, W. Gifford. Best Dairy Cow—1st, Stiles Bates; 2d, W. Holway; 3d, Howard & Ellis. Hereford Stock Cows—1st, 2d and 3d, H. C. Burleigh. Durhams, 1st and 3d, Howard & Ellis; 2d, Wm. Gifford. Jerseys—1st, H. C. Burleigh. Grade Stock Cows—1st, Watson Jones; 2d, Wm. Jones; 3d, N. Tozier. Three or more cows from one farm—1st, H. C. Burleigh; 2d, Harrison Toney; 3d, Wm. Nowell. Herds: Herefords—1st, H. C. Burleigh. Durhams—1st, Howard & Ellis; 2d, Wm. Gifford. Grades—1st, Watson Jones; 2d, N. Tozier; 3d, Wm. Nowell. Hereford Heifers, 1 and 2 yrs old—1st and 2d, H. C. Burleigh; 3d, Heifer Calves—1st and 2d, same. Shorthorn Heifers: 2 yrs old—1st, Howard & Ellis; Heifer Calve —1st and 2d, Howard & Ellis; 3d, Wm. Gifford; 1 yr old—1st and 2d, Howard & Ellis; Heifer Calves —1st and 2d, Howard & Ellis. Grade Heifers: 3 yrs old—1st to Rhun Fish; 2 yrs old—1st to N Tozier; 1 yr old—1st, Howard & Ellis; 2d to Elias Fish; 3d to S. Cannon; Heifer Calves—1st to S. N. Taylor. Jersey Heifers: 2 yrs old—1st to H. C. Burleigh; 1 yr old—1st to W. L. Tozier; Calves—N. Tozier. Fat Cattle—1st, B. Cannon; 2d, H. C. Burleigh; 3d, Watson Holway & Son.

SHEEP.—Fine Wool: Ewes—1st to Watson Jones; Lambs—1st to Z. H. Tozier; Bucks—1st to S. S. Taylor; Buck Lambs—1st to E. M. Tozier. Coarse Wool—1st to H. C. Burleigh on Southdowns; 2d to S. A. Taylor on Grade Lambs; Bucks, Southdowns—1st to H. C. Burleigh.

SWINE.—Berkshire: Boars—1st, Howard & Ellis; Pigs—1st to same. Essex: Sow and litter of pigs—1st to S. C. Stickney.

POULTRY.—Light Brahmas—1st, Jos. Taylor; 2d, S. A. Taylor; 3d, O. A. Bowman. Plymouth Rock—1st and 2d to H. Ellis. Partridge Cochins—1st to H. Tozier. Cross Breed—1st, H. Ellis.

FISH CULTURE

We are permitted the privilege of publishing the following very interesting and instructive letter from Benjamin P. Ware, Esq., to the President of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association. Situated as Mr. Ware has always been, with a farm bordering the sea and looking out upon the great ocean, his thoughts have naturally turned from agriculture to fish culture, and the information contained in this letter evinces much patient thought and observation. We commend a careful reading of the letter to all our readers.

DR. J. P. ORDWAY, PRESIDENT OF THE ANGLER'S ASSOCIATION:—*Dear Sir*:—It is with great interest and satisfaction that I have watched the organization of your association, and its successful efforts in promoting the pleasure of amateur fishing. It must also secure the preservation of the fisheries of New England.

This resource, which was formerly of the greatest importance to the whole New England coast, had a kind of crop; not bulk, not mass, not enormous quantity, but certain elements of plant nutrition in the solvent form. The manner in which plants feed upon it has been a matter of agreement also among scientific men. But turning to the practical men, the farmers, who tilled the soil and cared for the crops, we found that there had not been any advance in the opinion and belief for forty years in relation to the subject of plant nutrition. The average farmer measured everything by the barnyard as the type, by quantity. He was absolutely beyond his belief that a certain amount of prepared material, placed within the reach of the plant, would do more good than tons of raw, crude material. They knew very little, speaking over the seasons, but what had the variations of the seasons to do with the nutritions of plants ? the speaker asked. The farmer said that he had one bit duty was to get his land to have a certain amount of crude, raw material in mass. In the first place the chemical condition of the air remained about the same year after year, generation after generation. The influence of the seasons on plant nutrition must be this: The variability of the temperature, the amount of water that fell, and the amount of sunshine. If it was a wet season manure did not decompose properly, and the plant starved for want of food. If little rain fell, the soil became dry, so that decomposition stopped, and the crude material, the barnyard manure, remained unchanged, and the plant starved. The farmer should know that, if he would feed plants and do it thoroughly, it was his duty to prepare the food for them.

The speaker then proceeded to give the results of the experiments made at the college in relation to this matter. It had been demonstrated early that there was no need of feeding the plant with carbon. That would be supplied by nature, and always would be. We needed to feed no other element of organic nutrition except nitrogen. Among the mineral element of the soil it was found we needed to use only potash and phosphoric acid. The experiments were with potatoes, corn, oats, hay, beans and the general garden vegetable crop. As the result of the experiment with corn he raised 74 bushels on a plot that was manured with the chemical elements, 49 more than on one that was not; potatoes, manured plot, 279 bushels, unmanured, 128; hay, manured plot, 3000 tons, unmanured, 1700; beans, manured, 23, unmanured, 4. The question would be asked, Suppose you did doctor up the land with some hocus-pocus material, how would it leave the land ? He would answer the question by saying that a plot on which he raised, in 1874, 74 bushels of corn, manured, was planted again this year, without manure, to see if the land was run out, or whether the process of 1874 would reach over into 1875 and affect advantageously the crop. The land produced 64 bushels. The objection might be raised, he said, that practical farmers could not procure such chemicals for their average farms, but in answer to this he gave results of experiments on lands in Amherst, outside of the college farm, and read letters from farmers in various parts of Massachusetts, who had used the fertilizers, to show what great things they had accomplished. In concluding he gave the following as the conclusions to which he had arrived by his experiments. Firstly, that it was possible to make the bare, worn out fields of Massachusetts flourish with waving grain, corn and grass, by the use of the chemical elements of plant nutrition; second, that in order to do this it was not absolutely necessary, it was no even desirable, he would say, to keep cattle for the sake of making barn yard manure; and third, that the question of nourishing crops was the cheapest of all known methods of producing.

Mr. Hapgood of Shrewsbury, gave a very interesting account of his method of raising Indian corn, in which he has been very successful. He exhibited some very remarkable specimen ears of the crop which he raised.

Mr. L. Burleigh, of Tilton Seminary, followed with a detailed statement of his method of raising corn by the use of the fertilizer, which he recommended highly.

Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, editor of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, said that he entirely confirmed what Professor Stockbridge had said in regard to the use of chemical fertilizers. He wished to describe the idea that there was any mystery in the use of them. All depended on a proper application of the material.

—Boston Daily Advertiser.

CATTLE NOTES.

HON. GEO. S. BOUTWELL has recently made a valuable addition to the stock of thoroughbreds. The addition has been made by purchase from animals owned and in part bred by the late John C. Park. Three of the cows purchased by Senator Boutwell, *Adda, Winona and Idella*, and two of the bulls *Rob Roy* and *Duke of Groton* are thoroughbreds, raised by the late Mr. Park and his son, on established pedigree. A sixth animal *Ada* let with the herd by John Brooks of Princeton. These animals are all distinctly marked as pure blooded Shorthorns and make a most valuable addition to Senator Boutwell's previously large herd and will add greatly to the attractions which the many excellent animals owned by the Groton farmers already offer to those in pursuit of good and reliably bred stock.

A PROLIFIC SOW.—H. A. Perry, proprietor of the Wentworth House at Walpole, Mass., has a valuable breeding sow that recently gave birth to 21 pigs in the same litter. She is the Chester County breed.

A Kentuckian recently sold 30 head of grade Shorthorn steers, two years old—three next spring—averaging 1,452 pounds, for $87,12 each.

A writer to the Agricultural Department at Washington says he received at the railroad station in Washington, during 1874, for the milk sold from 27 cows, $100—or $26 per cow. They grazed on 100 acres, and consumed the wheat straw of 26 acres, corn fodder from 30 acres, from the fodder grown on two acres sown broadcast, 15 tons of clover hay and 100 bushels of wheat bran and corn meal.

A meeting of the Merino Sheep Breeders' Association of Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, is announced to take place at Columbus, Ohio, January 4th.

Mr. Augustus Ireland, Walkill, (Goshen P. O.) Orange Co., N. Y., has bought of Wm. Crozier, Beacon Stock Farm, Northport, L. I., the four year old Ayrshire bull Jock 2d, bred by N. S. Whitney of Montreal.

The Convention of the N. Y. State Dairymen's Association at Norwich, N. Y. (Dec. 8-9,) promises to be the largest gathering of dairymen and others interested in this branch of industry that has ever been had in the State. Norwich is on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, connecting with the N. Y. Central at Utica.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1875.

The Meetings of the State Boards.—The cheering sign of the times for New England Agriculturists is the meetings of the conventions of farmers in the different States of New England, under the direct auspices of the State Boards of Agriculture. New Hampshire opened the season with hers; Massachusetts has had her Board in three days' convention at Haverhill during the current week. The Vermont Board has been in session at Ludlow, during the current week, Connecticut has called a meeting of hers at Winsted for the 14th, and two following days of the present month; and here we have assurances that the regular movements will succeed in the remaining States. Here are the meetings of these different State Boards on Agriculture, each making the circuit of its own Commonwealth, and actively stirring up the popular interest in farming operations. Let each State Board meeting be fully attended by all the farmers within reach of its appointed locality.

The Funeral Ceremony.—The remains of Vice-President Wilson lay in the State House from Sunday till Monday noon, when the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion were participated in by a large concourse of people. Representatives Hall was filled with invited guests, who thus volunteered their respect to the departed public servant. The ceremonies were of the most impressive nature, consisting of prayer and discourse; after which the line of procession was formed and escorted the body, under special military guard, down Beacon street, out over the Milldam road, and to Cottage Farm station on the Boston and Albany Railroad. There they were received by the other committee of arrangements, and accompanied on board the special train of five cars to Natick. The final interment occurred on Tuesday, amid the sincere manifestations of sorrow and respect by his fellow citizens, who will not cease to lament the loss of so kind a friend, so useful a fellow servant, and so distinguished a man.

Winter at Hand.—The going out of Autumn was signalized by one of the bleakest spells of weather it is our lot to record, in consequence of which there was wide suffering and much loss. A northwest gale prevailed over the whole of the upper portion of the country. On the Lakes there were numerous disasters to vessels and to human life. In the various cities houses were unroofed, chimneys beaten in, flagstaffs blown down, and mischief generally wrought in the air. In many instances entire buildings succumbed to the force of the wind. In Boston the funeral exercises over Vice-President Wilson were progressing, and the vast crowds of people were very greatly incommoded by the bluster of the weather. It was with exceeding difficulty that locomotion was effected. We accept this raging visit as the real introduction of winter. There are those who predict an open season of it, but no predictions seem to work with much accuracy in these times. If, however, winter was to continue after the style in which it was inaugurated, it is pretty certain that a good portion of us would be blown out of sight and hearing. As a climate, ours means to command attention, if not respect.

England and the Suez Canal.—On a sudden it comes out that Great Britain has bought up almost the whole of the Suez Canal, at which Russia expresses positive dissatisfaction. The London Times answers defiantly asking whose business it is. Turkey is evidently going to pieces, and Russia means to profit by the event, by advancing her Eastern designs. Understanding all this, England secretly makes haste to buy up the Suez Canal shares, so as to obtain a footing in Egypt, and thus bring her several weeks nearer to India than ever before, and head off Russia's plans besides. It is clearly a struggle between these great European powers for the control of the avenues to the East. Whether a struggle will spring from it is still a question, although the elements of one are all in it. For England to abandon a single one of her claims to India, even by omitting to fortify her approaches to that rich possession, would be simply impossible. Russia has been coquetting with France ever since the war of the latter with Germany, so that it looks as if she had been carefully calculating the chances. A European war over the Suez Canal is not far from being one of the occurrences of the not distant future.

The Occupation of Agriculture.—This is what the late Amasa Walker says of Agriculture, its place and its functions, in his book, "Science of Wealth;"—"This is the most extensive branch of industry, and employs probably four-fifths of the human race, from generation to generation. It is the base of the great pyramid of production. It furnishes the material and the support of all other forms of labor; and not this only, but it renews and restores their waste with an unceasing supply of fresh bodily and mental power. • • • Agriculture has no need to receive back, in any form, her contributions to the other occupations. The power to give without exhaustion lies in the liberal, healthful *reproduction* of man, when living in intimate relations with Nature. Here, after all its hurts, humanity comes for healing; war and pestilence, the fierce contest of the mart, the stifling atmosphere of the mill, may waste our kind in quick or lingering deaths; but still, by the side of the brooks, men will be born to hold up the frame of industry and social order when their supporters faint and fall." A true and graphic picture of an honored occupation.

A New Theory.—Everybody of course would like to know how to extend his life over as many years as possible, provided he was sure of enjoying good health during that period. Dr. Hall, of New York, told an audience in this city last Monday evening all about it. He says the whole secret lies in the choice of the proper food, for food makes blood, and blood is life. So after discussing the matter somewhat at length, he comes down to the simple facts of the case and says that the articles which he had found to be the best for the purpose proposed were grapes, eggs and oatmeal Everybody can procure a greater or less supply of these, and these are warranted to aid digestion and thus induce the constant reproduction of healthy blood. Not that it is essential that one should confine his diet to these articles, but that by their free and constant use the stomach can best be kept in complete order and the necessary office of digestion be carried on without obstruction. The idea is a perfectly simple one—why not try it ?

Mr. Beecher and the Schools.—The Thanksgiving discourse of Mr. Beecher was devoted to the subject of our common schools, over which he thought we were yet to have an enthusiasm all over the country that would equal any other enthusiasm that has lifted us off our feet. But in order to enlist all sympathies in the progress of the schools, he said that they should be too good to allow a private school in their neighborhood; that they should unite as on a common ground people of all political and religious views; and, above all, that they should be held as purely secular in their aims, and in no distinct sense religious teachers. To this end, he would banish all differences by removing the practise of the reading of the Bible from the schools, lest even atheists and infidels, Jews and pagans may take offence. In this way only, he said, could the public schools be elevated to a national institution, and be permanently imbedded in the popular heart.

Tramps and Crime.—The barbarous murder of a lonely farmer, at Amherst, emphasizes once more the necessity for concerting more comprehensive and stringent measures for the regulation of a vagabond class which it seems impossible all at once to suppress. The cities of Ohio, we observe, are to hold a convention of their representatives on the 8th instant, to devise some practical plan for ridding themselves of the tramp nuisance; but it looks as if they would have to content themselves with merely controlling it. Throw an industrial population almost entirely out of employment for two years and more, and the whole of such a condition is at once accounted for. The entire class cannot possibly have been criminal, even if it is now. Yet there is positive danger that it will become such very fast if some adequate provision is not made for managing its movements It is a new element in American Society, and it will have to be met with new methods.

The Industrial Home.—A Temporary Home, bearing this name, was opened in this city on the 1st of September at No. 375 Tremont street, whose object is to feed and lodge unemployed persons, not gratuitously, but after exacting enough labor from them to pay their board. All such persons, when applying for charity, may be sent to the Home, where work and subsistence will be temporarily provided for them. Various branches of industry are carried on in the building. Those who would assist the unemployed during the season now upon us may send to the Industrial Home old mattresses and bedding, provisions and money, where they will be gratefully received. The Superintendent is C. Stearns. This timely institution appeals to the charitably disposed throughout the community.

The State Grange.—The third annual meeting of the Mass. State Grange will be held in Springfield, in Sovereigns Hall, No. 10 Bridge street, on the 14th inst., at 11½ A. M., to choose officers and transact any appropriate business. The members of the Grange will appear in regalia. Tickets at reduced rates may be had at all the stations of the Boston and Albany and Connecticut River Railroads, by calling for "Excursion Tickets." The committee of arrangements will also provide hotel accommodations at reduced rates, on application. The Committee consists of C. F. Fowler, E. H. Judd, and Benjamin Davis. The meeting will be one of special interest to all who attend its sessions, which should draw freely to them the members, from all parts of the State.

The Connecticut State Board of Agriculture have called a Farmers' Convention at Winsted, Conn., for December 15th, 16th, and 17th, and offer with their invitation a highly attractive programme. On the first day, the Convention will be formally opened by T. S. Gold, Secretary of the Board, after which will follow a discussion on Fences and Fencing, a paper on Common Roads, by R. P. Augur, of Middletown, and a lecture on Farm Buildings and their Location, by Hon. Francis Gillette, of Hartford. On the second day will be read a lecture, by Simeon E. Baldwin, Esq., of New Haven, on the Law of Roads and Boundaries, a lecture on the Water Supply and Drainage of Farm Houses and Buildings in their Sanitary Relations, by Prof. W. U. Brewer, of Yale College, and a paper on Fences and Division of Farm Lands, by Donald G. Mitchell, of New Haven. On the third day, a report will be read from the Committee on Agricultural Experiment Stations, a discussion on Roads will follow, to be opened by the Secretary, a lecture will be read by Hon. Richard Goodman, of Lenox, Mass., on Farmers' Homes and How to Use them, and the Report of P. M. Augur, Pomologist of the Board, will close the list of exercises. Discussions will be in order after every exercise. Farmers and Farmers' clubs are especially invited, and so are ladies. An exhibition of winter fruits will be under the auspices of the Connecticut offer favorable terms for those who wish to attend the Convention. The agricultural campaign is thus about to open for the season in Connecticut, under most favorable circumstances.

The Astor Estate.—The vast size of the estate left by the late William B. Astor excites the comments of the press, as of course it does of individuals. It is estimated to range all the way from sixty to two hundred millions. It was the result of two inherited fortunes, which were nursed with patience, care and consummate skill, and consists chiefly of real estate in New York city, although large investments were made in stocks and bonds. If the son of Mr. Astor now takes what is undoubtedly left him, and follows in the footsteps of his father, he will doubtless wear the same name that his father left, which was that of being the richest man in America, and some say, in the world. He had an immense tenantry, but different from a lord of the soil. Yet his care was practically the same, and he died with the reputation of having discharged his immense trusts with fidelity and patient exactness.

Vermont State Board of Agriculture.—A joint meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, Mining and Manufactures was held at Ludlow Wednesday and Thursday of this week, with the following programme of refreshments: Address of welcome was by L. G. Fullam of Ludlow. The following topics were discussed: "Horses of Vermont," by Albert Chapman of Middlebury; "Wool," by Hon. Levi Estate; by Henry Clark of the Rutland *Globe*; "Does farming pay equal to the professions," by A. F. Holbrook of Plymouth; "The opportunities for young farmers," by Col. John H. Mead of Randolph; "What are the serious and common impediments that hinder the prosperity of the farmer," by Gov. Roland Hitchcock of Cavendish; "Waste on the farm," by Hon. Horace Hubbard of Springfield; "The principles of fertilization." J. W. Stickney of Plymouth; "Does land wash ?" F. F. Wheeler of Ludlow; "The general dairy interest," A. T. Smith of New Haven; "The selling of milk," L. G. Fullam of Ludlow; "The selection and care of cows for the dairy." G. S. Hazen of Enosburgh.

The following are members of the Board: Governor Peck; M. H. Buckham, President Vermont University; Prof. M. H. Seeley, Middlebury; Hiram Atkins, Reading; Col. John Mead, Randolph

READ AND RUN.

—Worcester says that the late Mr. Astor might have bought out that whole city, and then had as much more left to begin business upon.

—Those Western whiskey rings are getting pretty badly smashed.

—The French wine product for 1875 amounts to two thousand million gallons, and would fill a canal three and a half feet wide, and forty-six hundred miles long.

—Mr. Bergh is now engaged in a hunt after those New Jersey fox-hunters, but he thinks more about the fox than some other folks do about the havoc to the fences and farms.

—E. S. Tobey, of this city, has been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, but has declined.

—Over 160,000,000 passengers were carried by the New York street cars last year.

—Either Mr. Kerr or Mr. Randall will unquestionably be elected Speaker of the House of Representatives next week.

—The movement of the remains of the late Vice-President Wilson from Washington to Boston was a continuous funeral procession.

—Bonapartist demonstrations in and near Paris are becoming much bolder and more significant.

—Russia is much excited over England's purpose to purchase the Suez Canal, and it is openly rumored that the occurrence will hasard the peace of Europe.

—Weymouth Landing has had a twenty-five thousand dollar fire.

—The King of Spain, Alfonso, has just passed his eighteenth birthday.

—It is expected that Washington will be more than usually lively this winter.

—One hundred and ten vessels were equipped at the different Navy Yards last year.

—It is the comfortable sum of twelve thousand a year that the Mayor of New York receives for salary.

—Ten editors are reported to have been placed in office by the last election in Mississippi, but putting an editor in office is not elevating him by any means.

—The Emperor William keeps a French cook, and German ballet dancers are hissed on the Paris stage. So they go.

—Minister Schenck has been making a legal statement in England about his connection with the Emma mine, and he claims to have been the loser by eighty thousand dollars for his connection with the project. It was no Little Emma for him, then.

—The Queen of Spain has been made the defendant in a suit, in Paris, brought by provision dealers for supplies to her steward. She had regularly provided the rascal with money, and he had run his face and at last run off himself.

—Lord Houghton frankly confesses that he never could see the exact difference between an American and an Englishman.

—Worth, the noted man-milliner of Paris, is said to be embarassed pecuniarily.

—There is now an effort making in Prussia to have Count Von Arnim tried for treason.

—Thanksgiving Day was duly observed in Berlin by the American residents there.

—Cardinal McCloskey has returned to New York from Rome.

—On board the Pacific, which was recently lost off the upper Pacific coast, were three persons from this city and neighborhood.

—"In no form of government," said a preacher in one of our city pulpits on Thanksgiving Day, "can the personal integrity of the citizens be more essential to its well being and prosperity than in a nation which is republican."

—The exact number of people living in the Commonwealth, at the time of taking the last census, was 1,651,902.

—Ex-Gov. Clifford is confined to his residence in New Bedford, by an attack of pneumonia.

—Lord Houghton has been spending the past week in Boston and vicinity.

—There were fewer arrests in Boston by the police on Thanksgiving Day than for any Thanksgiving Day of the past twenty-five years.

—Gov. Ingersoll, of Connecticut, has appointed ex Gov. English United States Senator, in place of the late Senator Ferry.

—Chief-Justice Waite wants no other office than the one he now has, and above all things thinks that politics and the judicial line have no proper associations with the other.

—Winter has now begun, and let us all be careful to make the most of these long evenings.

—More than one hundred acres of the roof of a coal mine in the Wyoming Valley caved in recently, making havoc with the mine, but fortunately without the disaster to life which might have been expected.

—The President's Message has been submitted to the Cabinet.

—The Russian forces have been completely overpowered by the rebellion in Khokan.

—The Montenegro forces are about to join with the other insurrectionists for the purpose of making a decisive battle with Turkey. The latter is in a decidedly bad way.

—Mr. Samuel Wood, a retired merchant of New York, proposes to give three millions of dollars for the establishment of an Academy of Music in Central Park.

—Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper has written a drama all about Washington, for Centennial use, and expects to come over and set it going.

—Grace Greenwood frankly writes that babies are anything but the fashion in Paris. Then Paris will either run out or have to drain the country for its future supply of population.

—It is denied that Paul Morphy, once the brilliant chess player, is insane or anything of the kind. He is only engrossed in the practice of the law; but some people insist that it amounts to the same thing.

—Monday was a memorable day in this city, as well as for Massachusetts.

—The new City Charter patiently awaits the action of the City Council.

—Thanksgiving week, on the whole, passed off pleasantly for everybody.

—Bessie Turner's book has come to its fifth edition, which is esteemed superior luck for a venture in that line.

—President McCosh, of Princeton College, is down on the whole system of Greek-letter societies that group themselves about our different colleges.

—Oaker Hall's debut as a dramatist is very much written up by the theatrical critics, and is esteemed the event of the time in stage circles.

—Tennessee never would do well with sheep so long as she keeps two dogs to one man.

—The tie-back continues to be the style as strongly as ever, if not even more so.

—The mince-pie season is on, and hence the discussion as to the composition of the pie itself.

—Von Bulow, the pianist, gets a thousand dollars a night.

—They talk now about Wales for the Centennial.

—It is admitted on all sides that the struggle for wealth has made serious inroads on the general morals.

—Peter Cooper estimates the late William B. Astor's fortune at two hundred millions.

—Santa Claus is reported by somebody to have declared that he will have nothing to do with striped stockings this year.

—The Suez Canal is fast falling into the hands of England. She has just purchased 177,000 hares of it.

—Punch makes the statue of Nelson come down from its pedestal and enter the office, to inquire about the British navy; and the old hero goes back mad, exclaiming that England has got a navy where she never had one before, which is at the bottom of the sea!

—The United States Supreme Court has decided, on appeal from the Court of Claims, that the Government cannot retain one-half of the current earnings of the Pacific Railroad for which to remunerate itself for the interest on its bonds.

—Scannell, the New York murderer, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity. He has had two trials and been in prison for three years.

—Freight rates from Chicago to all the Eastern cities are advanced five cents on and after December 1st.

—There is a proposal on foot to reduce the salaries of all Custom House employes.

—Senator Boutwell lectured in the city, last Monday evening, on Abraham Lincoln.

—The Commission now want a million and one half dollars to enable them to open the Centennial in May next.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—*Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* is a friend in *deed*. Who has not found it such in curing diseases of the lungs and throat, coughs, colds, and pulmonary affections? The sick are assured that the high standard of excellence on which its popularity is based, will always be maintained by the proprietors. 50 cts. and $1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

Vice President Wilson's Sketch of his own Early Life.—I was born in 1812, and at the age of ten years was put out as an apprentice to a farmer. From the day of my birth to the day I was twenty-one years old I never had a dollar in money to spend for anything. During the whole of my apprenticeship my master never but once gave me a penny. On that occasion he allowed me a holiday with permission to attend a muster seven miles from home, and gave me three cents to spend. I walked to and from the muster, and of course spent no more than that sum. On the day I was twenty one years old—I remember it very well, one Saturday, the 16th of February—in the afternoon, my master gave me a yoke of oxen and six sheep. The latter I sold, the same afternoon, for $9, but not being able to dispose of the oxen that day, I requested my master to keep them for me until Monday morning, which he did, but charged me 50 cents for it. I paid him this. I sold them to a man for $75 and took his note for the amount. So when I became of age I had for eleven years' work (I was sent to school only four weeks each year) $84. I had saved 57 cents, which I had in some way obtained, but I had paid 50 of this to my master for keeping my oxen two nights. I then hired myself to a farmer, agreeing to work for $9 a month and board. I used to get up long before day-light feed the stock, get my breakfast, and just as the east was beginning to be streaked with red start off for the woods with my team. I used to place my dinner pail on the sunny side of a tree, and continue drawing saw logs to the mill until after dark at night. Then I went home, fed the stock, ate my supper, and went to bed. My father tended the saw mill most of the time for many years for 50 cents a day. In the spring of the same year, I took my pack upon my back and started afoot for the town where I now live, Natick, Mass., 100 miles away, and that journey cost me just $1.25. I worked there at shoe making, averaging fifteen hours a day, and the last week's work I did at the bench was at bottoming shoes for $5 a week. Out of this I paid 50 cents for pegs and $2 for board, so that I had left just $2.50. I have bottomed 54 pairs of men's shoes without sleeping, and that for a little more than 50 cents. But even at this I got some money ahead, and made up my mind to work my way through college. I lent my money to a man in Boston, and went to the academy at Concord, N. H. I had been there only six months when the man to whom I had intrusted my fortune failed, and I lost it all. I was so reduced that, although I owed for two or three weeks' board, I was absolutely unable to pay it, or even taken a letter from the post office without borrowing money to pay the postage. But a friend invited me to remain and board with him, and pay him when I was able. So I remained through fall term, and in the winter earned money enough to pay him by teaching school. Now the men who are working at shoemaking ten hours a day, and earning from $3 to $5 a day, complain.

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See the bargains in CLOTHING, Furnishing Goods, &c., in our windows.

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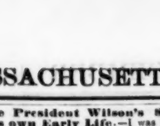

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Boy's & Men's Clothing

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With Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads.

Secures HEALTH and COMFORT of body, with GRACE and BEAUTY of form

Patented Sept. 28, '75.

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The Self-Adjusting Pads are the delight of every lady. They give elegance to the form, and are not in any way injurious or objectionable.
It combines three garments in one—a corset, a skirt supporter and self adjusting pads—and yet costs no more than an ordinary corset.
In ordering give size of waist and state whether long or short front is desired.
Price in Coutil cord, $2.00; Sateen, $1.75; Children's Corset-Waist, with Stocking Supporters, $1.50.
Agents wanted. Samples sent by mail to agents at 25 cts. less than the retail price. Address
WARNER BRO's., 763 Broadway, N. Y.
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A STEADY place on a Farm by a middle aged American farmer, (single), is well used to the care of all kinds of Farm Stock. Capable of managing a large Farm. A good Ox or Horse teamster, used to lumbering, etc. Temperate and reliable. Can come well recommended. Address "FARMER," 10 Carroll St., Worcester, Mass.
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Sold through fair terms, and in the wisest earned money enough to pay him by teaching school. Now the men who are working at shoemaking ten hours a day, and earning from $3 to $5 a day, complain.

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We have constantly on hand a full assortment, including the

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PARKER & GANNETT,
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SAUSAGE and MINCE MEAT CUTTERS
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LARD, WINE and MEAT PRESSES;
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COPPER WEATHER VANES;
CLOTHES WRINGERS and DRYERS;
WOOD SAWS AND HORSES;
SHOVELS; PICKS; MATTOCKS;
ICE PLOWS; SAWS;
CHISELS AND HOOKS;
at the lowest cash prices, at their Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
49 North Market Street, and
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MIDDLESEX POULTRY ASSOCIATION,
WILL HOLD ITS
SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION
—AT—
Huntington Hall, Lowell, Mass.,
December 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1875.

A large number of Special Premiums are offered in Gold Coin, Fowls, Pigeons, Useful and Valuable Articles, &c. Every effort will be made by the Officers of the Association to secure Impartial Judges, and a fair and just award of the Premiums. Send for Premium List and Entry Blanks.
E. T. HOWELL, Secretary, Lowell, Mass.
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nov27-4t*

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A good Prairie Farm of 240 acres, near Railroad and county seat; or would exchange for Real Estate unincumbered in New England. Apply or address 226 Washington St., Room 4, Boston. nov27-3t*

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By virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at Public Auction on the premises below described, which are situated in Concord, in said County, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of December next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right and title, which HORACE P. POTTER and CHARLES H. POTTER, of Boston, minors, have in and to the following real estate.
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LEWIS ROUILLARD, Guardian.
Acton, Nov. 23, 1875. nov27-3t*

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Fifteen miles from Boston, 50 acres of good land in a high state of cultivation; well divided for mowing, pasture, etc.; House, 12 rooms, in good repair, situated on high land, shaded by fine Elm trees, with driveways, etc., commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, 1½ mile from depot and churches, ½ mile from school, a good neighborhood; Barn 68x30 feet, with necessary outbuildings; large Apple Orchard of choice fruit, 100 nice Pear Trees of choice varieties, 400 Currant Bushes, a large lot of Grape Vines, and Cherry Trees, also Gooseberry, Blackberry and Quince Bushes, a nice Strawberry Bed, Asparagus, etc.; will keep 12 head of Cattle, milk 8 to sit at the door, a nice Pew in Meadow of 2½ acres, and Cranberry Meadow, etc. Price $4000, half cash, balance on easy terms.
This is a rare choice for a person wishing to purchase; it must be sold immediately; it is seldom one sees such a desirable Farm for sale at so low a price. Stock and tools will be sold with the place if desired. Address or apply to
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Nov. 8th, 1875. nov13-tf

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25,000 acres for sale on the great Maryland and Del. Peninsula. Farms of all sizes and grades, cheap, and improved. A Song of Praise for Our Country, with Aspirations for its Truth and Enduring Glory."
Price 50 Cents.

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"Pretty as usual, ready for the work basket, where it will at once be a daily convenience, and the first of the almanacs."—*Boston Transcript.*

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POCKET PISTOLS $1.25
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The most healthful and delicious article of food made from Wheat. Sold by all Grocers. CAUTION.—To avoid imitations, notice Trade Mark Label on each package.
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Trains leave Old Colony Depot, corner Kneeland and South Streets, daily, (Sundays excepted), at 4.30 and 6. P. M. Connecting at Fall River with one of the above steamers.
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The Poet's Corner.

LILIES.

To her feet the roses creep,
In her eyes the sunbeams sleep,
As she silent stands to listen to the wooing of the stream;
Lies the lilies all at rest
On the river's placid breast,
For no touch of pain or passion breaks their dream.

The willows sigh and quiver
At the kisses of the river,
Then shake back their loosen'd tresses, and laugh softly in their bow'rs;
And athwart the azure skies
Lark and mavis, as they rise,
Set to music all the poems of the flow'rs.

Where the shadows softly glide
On the margin of the tide
Just one floating stem has drifted, and one flower blooms alone.
I can see my darling lean
From the soft and mossy green
To reach forth and take this lily for her own.

And her touch is a caress,
As her lips its petals press;
Then with laughter she enthrones it in its beauty on her breast.
But, alas! for all its pride,
It has slowly droop'd and died
Ere the crimson light has faded in the west.
* * * * * * *
Oh, my darling, when I stray'd
To your dreamy shelter'd glade,
And stood list'ning while the waters whisper'd low of love and rest,
Was it well that I too
Stretch'ed an eager hand, and drew
Just one lily, fair and slender, to my breast,

Where the heaviness of care,
And the tempest of despair,
And the aching of those wounds I won in manhood's bitter strife,
Kill'd my lily where it lay,
Flinging sunbeams on my way,
Through that one sweet flying season of my life?

It was but a summer's bliss,
Yet the winter's snowy kiss
Falls without a sound of sobbing on the low grave at my feet;
For your whisper, "It is best,"
Finds an echo in my breast,
And I know in brighter sunshine we shall meet.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Ladies' Department.

HOW ONE WOMAN CONQUERED.

Somehow they always do in the end—the women, I mean. During the first one, two three, or five years of married life man is king, emperor, despot, anything you choose to call him which will flatter his vanity and express absolute power; but the next five, and all the other fives succeeding, are invariably ruled over by ye feminine head of ye family. How they accomplish it in so great a number of instances that it is safe to regard the experience as universal, I do not pretend to be informed; but it has fallen under my observation to know how one little woman, in her own quiet way, came to be queen of her household.

George Linwood had very peculiar ideas as to marital rights and privileges, which, however, he never considered it worth while to ventilate in Bessie Gray's hearing until after he had taken her out of the happy family group where she was loved, petted and consulted an innumerable number of times every day.

Bessie was installed in a beautiful home, furnished from attic to basement in the latest style, with nothing left for her busy little fingers to do to ward its completion.

"Well, Bessie, if you are not happy here," said Kate, an older sister, who had several years ago married papa's book-keeper, and found it decidedly difficult to make both ends meet, "then I'm sure you never will be. Such elegant curtains!" she added in the same breath, as her eyes fell upon the soft folds of lace which decorated either end of the richly furnished apartments.

Nevertheless, after Kate had gone Bessie sat down and had a good cry. Every woman knows just what that means, and what an effective safety valve a "good cry" is to the over-fraught heart. That very morning George had spoken to her most severely because she had ventured to alter the arrangement of several pieces of furniture in the parlors.

"I wish you to understand," he had said, as he left her, "that I want the furniture to remain where I place it; I intend to be master in my own house."

Poor Bessie would have had her cry then and there, only that she was called off to the kitchen, and then Kate came, so that the luxury had to be postponed to a more convenient season.

Bessie felt perfectly confident this morning that she was not nearly as happy as she had expected to be. George had shown her a number of times, though never quite so plainly as now, that his will was not to be disputed; he was king, but Bessie had already learned that he would not brook the rivalry of a queen. And, besides, Bessie was lonesome; everything and everybody had been so gay and cheerful at home; mamma never objected to any changes the young folks might make if they would only attend to them themselves, and not trouble her about it. Tom and Will, and Mary, and even paps, seemed to think there couldn't anything be quite right until Bessie had given it a little magic stroke with her tasteful fingers. Now everything was so different—so, different!

George bought whatever he liked, without once seeming to think of what nice, cozy chats he missed by not talking it all over with Bessie beforehand; then, when the new article was brought home, he placed it wherever he pleased, without once consulting his little wife as to its disposition. Stupid fellow! he never seemed to realize that he was missing some of the tenderest experiences of life, and that if he and Bessie had even indulged in a spicy little disagreement now and then, there would have been all the fun of making up again, and, besides, almost any other way would have been better than this miserable, one-sided one.

Six months rolled by, and Bessie was frightened at the change which had taken place in her disposition. Scarcely a day passed now in which angry words were not exchanged between her and George. Being a woman of spirit, she could not submit without an occasional remonstrance to such tacit acknowledgement of her nonentity. Now and then an indignant voice would protest, "George, I won't be treated so, I'm neither a child nor a slave;" and cool, strong tones would answer back, "I told you at the first that there was to be but one master in this house."

Of one thing Bessie felt certain on this half-yearly anniversary of her marriage, and that was that a change of some sort must be effected if she was ever to look for happiness again in this life. Not that many joyful hours and even days had not brightened these few months, but she had learned that they were not to be depended upon; a single opinion upon her part, or quick, womanly decision, would cause George to arm himself with all the weapons of his mastership, viz., unreasonable commands and an assertion of his marital superiority.

Now, as Bessie thought the matter over, she knew very well that her husband trusted to her own good sense and spirit not to execute his absurd whims, and that, had she carried them out to the letter, they would have been again and again involved in the most embarrassing circumstances.

Suddenly she determined this would be the very thing; yes, she would execute, cost what it might, every direction of her lord and "master."

It so happened that that very night Bessie had an oppotunity to carry out a portion of her plan. The dinner of lamb George chose to consider under-done, and, consequently, an occasion was afforded for him to assert his authority:

"Bessie, ring the bell for Ann, will you? Tell her to take this lamb out and throw it into the fire; it isn't half done."

George knew that it was Bessie's custom upon such occasions to ring the bell, give a quiet, dignified message to the girl to the effect that the meat needed to be a little more thoroughly cooked, consequently he was not a little surprised to hear her say, in calm, quiet tones:

"Ann, Mr. Linwood wishes you to take the lamb off the table and throw it into the fire."

Ann looked from one to the other in blank amazement, while George gazed at his wife as if he considered her a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

"No, Ann, leave it here;" he said, impatiently, as the girl reached out her hands for the platter.

"What on earth did you give such a command as that for?" was asked the moment Ann was safely beyond hearing.

"Because, George, that was just what you told me to tell her," Bessie answered, pleasantly, without the least affectation of martyrdom.

"You are not ordinarily so extremely docile," said George, sarcastically.

"I know it, dear," in the pleasantest possible manner; "and I have made up my mind to be ever so much more amiable hereafter."

It would have been folly to have remonstrated against a resolution so obviously intended to further their mutual happiness, and Bessie's generous determination met with no response.

Among the many trials which had beset Bessie's brief married life, that which she found most difficult to bear was her husband's real or feigned dislike toward the members of her own family.

Bessie believed that it was feigned, for she could not understand how any one could really dislike such warmhearted, jolly boys as Tom and Will, or how they could do anything but love such a sweet little girl as Mamie, or such dear darlings as mamma and papa. However, George had more than once told her that he "did not care to have his house made a hotel of to accommodate the entire Gray family," and Bessie had sometimes answered him in vexed tones, but oftener in tears.

Now, without letting her people know the exact cause, Bessie managed to keep them all away for several weeks.

"I wonder why your folks don't come here any more," said George one evening, and wishing, as well he might, that they would run in for a few moments, they were always so breezy, and seemed so freshly happy each time to be with Bessie again.

"I presume it is because I have requested them to stay away," Bessie replied, in the most gently modulated tones.

"The devil you have," George answered, angrily, surmising his wife's motive in making the request, and feeling his own honor greatly impeached, for whatever he might say to Bessie privately, he wished to be considered thoroughly hospitable.

"George, I am really trying to do everything I can to please you," Bessie was fortunate enough to say, without emphasizing the assertion by either smiles or tears. "If my people are an annoyance to you, I am going to sacrifice them, that is all; for our married happiness, George, is of a great deal more consequence to me than anything else in the world."

Now, as George was not really at heart the brute that he appeared to be, and as in various recent communings which he had held with himself he could not but acknowledge that Bessie was every day winning her way to a position in his regard higher than any which he had ever accorded her as a maiden, I am delighted to record that he was really manly enough now to tell Bessie that she "mustn't take to heart the foolish things he had said, and that of course, he wanted her folks to come and see her just as often as they chose; in fact, he liked them all very much indeed, and"—well, he said a great deal more to the same effect, as men will when they are once wound up and set going; the result of which was that Bessie felt confident she should never again be annoyed by anything that George might say upon this one subject at least.

It was, too, rather comforting to notice how much more careful he was in his use of words; and occasionally it was not a little ludicrous to observe him groping around for a modified expression. Altogether Bessie congratulated herself upon the discovery of a plan which had already proved productive of no small degree of happiness.

Spring, with all its youthful gladsomeness, was merged into the more dignified and quiet joys of summer, and Bessie's life had kept pace with the beautiful, unconscious harmony about her, deepening in gladness as the months days went by.

It was agreed that Bessie should join her people for a few weeks among the mountains, but neither she nor George had fixed upon any definite time for her departure when a letter came from Mamie urging her to join them immediately, as Sue Bradley (a very dear friend of Bessie's) was coming up to the mountains at once to spend a week, and "no more."

George was in an unusually amiable frame of mind when the letter arrived, and telling Bessie he "supposed she might as well go now as any time," he even took the pains to bring her trunk down from the attic himself, and rendered what he considered very valuable assistance toward packing it.

One week of Bessie's absence had passed away, during which, under the discomforts of bachelorhood, George had not betrayed the most transcendently lovely disposition; he had "confounded" everything in his room, "hanged" each article of his wardrobe, and sent "to the devil" the entire culinary department any number of times.

"I'll have her home next Monday, see if I don't," he grumbled away to himself as he attempted to fasten a buttonless shirt sleeve. "What are women good for, if they're to go running away from their homes every chance they can get?"

It so happened that that very morning (Saturday) Bessie had opened her eyes to the sunlight with the consciousness of a double joy awaiting her. Sue, the naughty Sue, was at last and positively to make her appearance; and deeper yet was the gladness of her heart as she remembered that George would be sure to arrive by the evening train. Now that they had been separated one whole week, Bessie could not remember that he had ever made an unreasonable demand, or spoken an unkind word to her during their married life.

Sue came, for a wonder, just as she had said she would, and an hour later George made his appearance.

It was not at all surprising that under the deluge of kisses and caresses which he received he should have quite forgotten to be ungracious; Sunday morning, however, he was reminded of it by a rip in his glove, and immediately proceeded to inform Bessie that she must return with him on Monday.

That little lady had quite lost sight, in this new atmosphere, of the plan which she had been so persistently endeavoring to carry out during the past few weeks, consequently she ventured to remonstrate.

"George couldn't be in earnest, she knew; Sue had only just come, and what would she think of her going away so soon; and, besides, she wouldn't know how to explain it to the rest of them."

But it was of no use, George was determined she should go, and go she must. And now, fortunately, Bessie remembered her plan. She knew perfectly well that even though George insisted upon her returning, he depended upon her to render to the others a smooth and plausible excuse for doing so, whereby he would be saved from any censure in the matter.

"Very well," she answered, after a moment's tought, in which she concluded to let the responsibility of the act rest upon her husband's shoulders, "I will go with you, George, to-morrow."

At noon Bessie informed the others without either preface or apology, that "her husband wished her to return with him to the city next day, and that she had decided to do so."

In vain the girls urged her and the boys remonstrated, while George, thoroughly mortified, stammered out that "she could do just as she was a mind to." Bessie only answered quietly that "she had made up her mind to go."

Monday morning came, and the train would leave for town a little before noon; there was plenty of time for Bessie to pack her trunk, even allowing for the five-mile stage ride. George, however, had flattered himself that his little wife would not be able to get ready, or that she would still petition him to permit her to remain, in which case he had fully decided to grant the request. After breakfast he went out on the verandah to smoke his cigar, but it made him uneasy to listen to Bessie's quick footsteps overhead, and a moment or two later to hear the trunk rolled across the floor. It suddenly occurred to him that he would manage the whole affair by going off to ride on horseback (an exercise which they all knew he was particularly fond of), and then, by not returning in time, they would necessarily be detained another day, during which he felt confident Bessie would so far recover her former self as to beseech him to permit her to remain. To make the matter still more certain, he left his beaver and borrowed a cap from one of the boys.

"Be sure and be back in time, George," Bessie called to him, from the chamber window.

"I think we won't go down in the stage anyway," he answered! "we'll get Brown to harness up and take us to the depot."

By this little manœuvre George knew they would miss the stage, and he also knew that he would not return in time to permit of the horses being harnessed, as well as to take them to a depot five miles distant.

Faithful little Bessie, not aware of her husband's intentions, went on packing her trunk, though not without a little burst of tears as she heard Sue say: "I think he's a perfect horrid old thing; I don't see how on earth such a little angel as Bessie came to marry him." And harder still was it to hear Mamie's sweet voice excusing him, just as the little wife herself had so often done.

"He doesn't mean to be cross, I know; Bessie loves him almost to death, anyway, so I don't think he can be very bad."

Yes, Bessie knew she did love him; that, however vexed and annoyed she might often be, by the strength of her love, not unmixed with shrewd womanly wisdom, she believed she should conquer at last.

It was a brave little heart that Bessie buttoned inside her travelling dress, and with a resolute step she joined the family, who were sitting on the piazza to wait for George's return.

It was not long before the old stage rumbled past, and now Bessie was all impatience she really could not sit quietly any longer, and so, beckoning to Sue to accompany her, she slipped over to Mr. Brown's, asked him to harness up at once, and get everything ready to start the instant her husband should return. A few moments sufficed to place Mr. Brown's staunch democratic wagon in front of the door, and still George did not arrive.

"Come girls," said Bessie, cheerily, "go with me to the depot, I can't wait for George any longer."

"Why, you little goose," Sue answered, "if he don't come it won't be your fault, you know, and you can spend another day with us."

"Thanks, Sue, for your suggestion, but I've taken the matter into my own hands now, and am going if I have to go alone," Bessie answered, with quiet decision.

"Dear me, you've got to be so cranky," said Sue, half pettishly, as she and Minnie ran to put on their hats.

They had gone full one-half the distance to the depot, when, looking up, they saw George cantering along quite slowly, quite indifferent, apparently, as to time, trains, or business.

"Come, George, or we shall be late," Bessie called, in sweet, clear tones.

"Why, you can't reach the depot now, we're behind time," he answered, as he drew out his watch for inspection.

"Oh, yes, we can—we *must*, you know," and Bessie urged Brown to make all possible haste, while George fell into line in the rear of the wagon.

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"But the horse," interrupted George.

"I can fasten him on to the hind end of the wagon," Mr. Brown called out, in stentorian tones.

There was really nothing left for George to do but to accept the invitation and conform to it, which he did by urging forward his horse to keep pace with Mr. Brown's, which Bessie would not permit to lag for an instant.

The depot was reached at just the last moment, no time even for good-byes; George snatched up his hat and ran to look out for the trunk, while Bessie, unaided, took her seat in the car.

"Seems to me you're in a terrible hurry this morning," George said, as he joined her, his face flushed and bearing tokens of agitation for more causes than one.

"Why, you know, dear, you said I must return to-day," Bessie answered, sweetly, "and I was only trying to please you."

Happily for George a boy came through the cars just then selling morning papers; one was bought for Bessie and one for himself, behind the friendly shade of which he hid his face for the next three hours. Bessie did not care to disturb him, she, too, had a paper to read. Once, and she thought twice, she was sure she heard her husband saying to himself, "Fool! fool!" but then there are so many persons whom one might call a fool besides oneself, that we do not consider the inference conclusive.

Everything went on at home after their return the same as usual; the same—yet not the same. There was no confession upon George's part, that was not his way; but there was a marked difference in the manner in which he addressed his wife, especially in the deferential tones in which he said, "whatever you like," or, "just as you think best, Bessie." And when, a year later, Sue Bradley came to make them a visit, she found not only the brightest little baby boy in the world, but the most loving and indulgent of husbands. Sue could hardly contain herself until George was fairly out of the house, then she demanded, in her old, impetious way—

"Bessie, how on earth did you manage it? I never saw a man so changed in my life; has he been converted?"

"Not that I know of," Bessie answered, with a quiet gleam of satisfaction in her eyes; "I let him have his own way until he got tired of it; my coming home from the mountains last summer just as I did was the last effort of the kind I was ever obliged to put forth."—*Phrenological Journal.*

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE SOWER.

"Such as I have I sow; it is not much,"
Said one who loved the Master of the field;
"Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings which may yield
No quick response; I tremble, yet I speak
For him who knows the heart so loving, yet so weak."

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen; yet oft they fell
On soil prepared, which she would never know,
Until the tender blade sprang up to tell
That not in vain her labor had been spent;
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She who timidly had scattered
Trembling line or whispered word,
Till the holy work grew dearer,
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Calling shining throngs around her,
All her own fair harvest found;
Then, her humble name confessing,
With his radiant smile of blessing
All her dower of gladness crowned.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

The Empress Eugenie, the match-maker of two hemispheres, persuaded Countess Valentine de Chimay, beautiful, good and rich, to marry the prince de Beauffremont, handsome, bad and poor. The only points on which the two agreed were good looks and youth. These proved insufficient to keep them together. The prince went on the Mexican expedition; the princess stayed at home, led a spotless life, and wrote him long letters, which he did not take the trouble to answer. When he returned, she went to Brest to meet him. But he had already started for Paris. She pursued him there only to find that he had left for his chateau. He wrote thence his first letter to her, after an absence of two years. It was composed of these touching words: "Madame: What have you done with my shirts? I don't find them in the armoire." When the two finally met in Paris, it was only to separate. The prince began a scandalous life. The princess sued for a separation. It took her seven years to gain it. The French law does not recognize divorce, so that neither party could legally marry again, even after the *separation de corps* had been decreed. But meanwhile the princess had fallen in love with Prince George Bibesco of Moldavia-Wallachia, and was bound to marry him. Having the will, she found the way. A very devious way it was. She moved to Dresden and had herself naturalized as a Saxon. Then she got absolute divorce from a Dresden court. There was now no obstacle to her civil marriage, outside of France. But a religious difficulty remained. The Catholic church repudiates divorce. The pope would not sanction a remarriage. The princess de Beauffremont received the new scalmly, abjured Romanism forthwith, and became a member of the Greek church. The Greek priest at Dresden, a native Russian, baptized her and said he would perform the marriage service for her, provided the emperor of the Russias would give his consent. That potentate had the case laid before him, and made no objection. Everything was legal, as far as Russian laws and Greek Catholic rules were concerned. The religious marriage was promptly performed in Dresden, and the civil marriage followed it at the Wallachian legation in Paris. The Russian minister attended the ceremony and signed the contract. And yet the Princess Bibesco is still the Princess Beauffremont in France. French law and Catholic law give her one husband; the Greek church and the rest of Europe give her another. She is the wife of two men.

Her position in France is unique. She is liable to prosecution for bigamy, and can be, it is said, extradited from any other civilized country to which she may flee. Her first husband can take possession of their two children, even if the latter should wish to remain with their mother. If she has any children by her second husband, they will be legally known by the name of de Beauffremont, not Bibesco. If the courts should grant them the latter name, it would make them illegitimate and incapable of inheriting any part of their mother's immense fortune. Finally, if Madame B-B should ever decide to go back to the first B., the second would be helpless. So this wife has the choice, in France, of her two husbands. Possible polygamy is introduced upon the soil of Europe.

SOME PUMPKINS.—A Kentucky farmer has a pumpkin vine which, with its branches, measures 1,440 feet, and bore twenty-four pumpkins that averaged twenty-six pounds each, or a total of 625 pounds of fruit.

The Christmas Charade.

"So that was the pretty widow," soliloquized Harry Barclay, as he smoked a cigar before retiring. "She's positively pretty; in that respect her friends don't exaggerate; but I've no doubt she's an awful flirt. If she stopped over to Mr. Brown's, asked him to harness up at once, and get everything ready to start the instant her husband should return. A few moments sufficed to place Mr. Brown's staunch democratic wagon in front of the door, and still George did not arrive.

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—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

The Empress Eugenie, the match-maker of two hemispheres, persuaded Countess Valentine de Chimay, beautiful, good and rich, to marry the prince de Beauffremont, handsome, bad and poor. The only points on which the two agreed were good looks and youth. These proved insufficient to keep them together. The prince went on the Mexican expedition; the princess stayed at home, led a spotless life, and wrote him long letters, which he did not take the trouble to answer. When he returned, she went to Brest to meet him. But he had already started for Paris. She pursued him there only to find that he had left for his chateau. He wrote thence his first letter to her, after an absence of two years. It was composed of these touching words: "Madame: What have you done with my shirts? I don't find them in the armoire." When the two finally met in Paris, it was only to separate. The prince began a scandalous life. The princess sued for a separation. It took her seven years to gain it. The French law does not recognize divorce, so that neither party could legally marry again, even after the *separation de corps* had been decreed. But meanwhile the princess had fallen in love with Prince George Bibesco of Moldavia-Wallachia, and was bound to marry him. Having the will, she found the way. A very devious way it was. She moved to Dresden and had herself naturalized as a Saxon. Then she got absolute divorce from a Dresden court. There was now no obstacle to her civil marriage, outside of France. But a religious difficulty remained. The Catholic church repudiates divorce. The pope would not sanction a remarriage. The princess de Beauffremont received the new scalmly, abjured Romanism forthwith, and became a member of the Greek church. The Greek priest at Dresden, a native Russian, baptized her and said he would perform the marriage service for her, provided the emperor of the Russias would give his consent. That potentate had the case laid before him, and made no objection. Everything was legal, as far as Russian laws and Greek Catholic rules were concerned. The religious marriage was promptly performed in Dresden, and the civil marriage followed it at the Wallachian legation in Paris. The Russian minister attended the ceremony and signed the contract. And yet the Princess Bibesco is still the Princess Beauffremont in France. French law and Catholic law give her one husband; the Greek church and the rest of Europe give her another. She is the wife of two men.

Her position in France is unique. She is liable to prosecution for bigamy, and can be, it is said, extradited from any other civilized country to which she may flee. Her first husband can take possession of their two children, even if the latter should wish to remain with their mother. If she has any children by her second husband, they will be legally known by the name of de Beauffremont, not Bibesco. If the courts should grant them the latter name, it would make them illegitimate and incapable of inheriting any part of their mother's immense fortune. Finally, if Madame B-B should ever decide to go back to the first B., the second would be helpless. So this wife has the choice, in France, of her two husbands. Possible polygamy is introduced upon the soil of Europe.

SOME PUMPKINS.—A Kentucky farmer has a pumpkin vine which, with its branches, measures 1,440 feet, and bore twenty-four pumpkins that averaged twenty-six pounds each, or a total of 625 pounds of fruit.

"I suppose it will be lighter on the road," said she.

The answer was that little unspellable sound that people use for the affirmative when they do not want to speak—and the carriage dashed away furiously.

"Why do you drive so fast, Harry?" she asked, as they whirled through the village, the window-lights flashing past them—as it seemed—each a blurred star, no more. "The horse is not running away, dear?"

The arm tightened about her, but no word was spoken.

"Why don't you say any thing, Harry?" she said. "I'm frightened. Nothing has happened?"

"Nothing!" was answered, in a sort of whisper.

"But I know something has," said she. "You never behaved so before. I am trembling, Harry, feel how I tremble. I am cold all over. Harry, please speak." Still the carriage whirled on—still there was silence. And now the village was passed. They were alone on a lonely road, and faster and faster and faster still they drove on. The thought that her betrothed lover had suddenly gone mad thrust itself like a stab into Ruth's heart. Oh, if she could but see his face.

"Harry," she said falteringly. "Harry, won't you go back now? It is so dark. I'm tired of driving, Harry."

Suddenly he bent toward her.

"Kiss me," said he.

She lifted up her lips. As she did so, straining her eyes toward his face, the black clouds over head suddenly parted, and from between them peeped the moon at her full; and Ruth saw by the white and ghastly light the face of Ralph Barlow.

It was he who sat beside her. She understood quite well how she had been tricked. She was miles from home and in his power. He had fulfilled his threat of vengeance.

"So, you are surprised," said he, with a loud laugh. "Come, make up your mind to it. I was good enough for you once. You have kissed me before, lassie. All's fair in love and war, you know. I'll not make you a bad husband. I love you, my dear, or I'd never have done this. So good-by to the doctor."

"Ralph Barlow, I hate you," cried Ruth. "If I was fool enough to like you once, I hate you now. You can't marry me against my will. I'll say no. I'll tell the minister you carried me off. What a fool you are, to think a girl can be married without her own consent. Take me back at once. I'm to marry Dr. Howard on Wednesday."

"Indeed," said Ralph. "Reflect a moment. You will then have been away with me two days. I scarcely think Dr. Howard will want a wife who has been away with another man two days. I think by that time you will be quite willing to say Yes. Come, once you liked the notion. Those steady-going Yankee parents chose the doctor for you—that's all. We'll have a merry life together; plenty of money, jolly times. Come, make up your mind to it."

"Harry will think I have played him false," said Ruth. "Harry will believe me such a wicked girl."

"Just so," said Ralph.

"And mother and father!" moaned Ruth. "Oh, Ralph, take me back home, and I'll pray, for you every night of my life!"

"I'd rather you'd kiss me every day," said Ralph. "No; I'll never go back with you!"

Then he drove on faster than before; and though Ruth uttered scream after scream, and strove in her despair to cast herself into the road, the cries spent themselves on empty air, and the strong arm about her waist made her struggles utterly useless.

At last she ceased to cry out, and sat perfectly quiet; but it was not, as Ralph supposed, that she had yielded to fate. She was watching intently for the next house that they would pass, hoping that some one within would hear the desperate shrieks that she would utter.

At last she saw it—a square white building, in the upper windows of which a light burned brightly, for there people watched by one who suffered. Beside the bed sat the husband, holding the hand of the wife whom he had feared that he must lose, but who was now in safety. At the foot stood the physician ready to depart, happy in the good work that he had done.

"Good-bye until to-morrow," he said. "I think you will sleep well to-night, dear lady."

"Good-bye, Dr. Howard," said the gentleman, grasping his hand. "I am sorry you have such a long, lonely ride before you."

Then Dr. Howard run down stairs and went out to his carriage. A stout Irishman stood holding the reins.

"God bless your honor," he said. "They tell me you've saved missus's life, no less."

"With God's help, I have done something," said the physician. "Well, others are as late as I upon the road, Pat."

"Yis, and—Lord save us, what's that?"

For, as the man was about to answer, a woman leant from the little buggy that flew past and uttered a terrific cry of, "Help—save me! Help—save me!"

"Its a rale throubble, or jest some desolate craythur making disthurbance?" said Pat.

"It is real terror," said the doctor. "Come, Pat—into the wagon with me and after them."

"I'm not afraid," said Pat. "but, Doctther, dear, we might get into a tough scrimmage."

"Well *you'd* like that, Pat," said the Doctor.

"But they say your bride is waitin' you, doctther, dear," said Pat. "And 'tisn't a broken head or nose you'd like to take to a wedding."

The doctor gave one thought to Ruth; then, "For her sake, all women," said he, and they were flying after the other carriage. The chase was not long; their horse was fresh; the other weary.

In fifteen minutes they were side by side. "Who cried for help?" said the doctor.

A struggling form in the carriage stretched out its hand to him.

"Harry! Harry!" she cried.

"It is Ruth!" shouted the doctor; and then he had clutched the reins, and the man in the other carriage arose to his feet.

"Let go your hold!" he shouted. "I am armed!"

A pistol flashed in the moonlight, which shone still, though dimly.

"He will kill you, Harry!" cried Ruth.

"Yes, by heaven!" yelled Ralph Barlow, "I will!"

The Irishman, undaunted, had sprung to the horses' heads.

"I can't hold them much longer, yer honor," he cried; "they're mad—the both of them."

Then there was the sound of a pistol—a blaze—the smoke of gunpowder—and Ruth fainted away.

When she recovered Dr. Howard held her in his arms, and the Irishman stood near, rubbing his head and looking utterly bewildered.

There was no sign of either of the horses. On the firing of the pistol both had run away, but by this time Dr. Howard was on the ground, and had clutched Ruth about the waist. They were thrown to the earth, and the bullet had grazed the doctor's cheek, and cut the ribbon of Ruth's hat in two, but otherwise they were unhurt.

The Irishman had been knocked senseless by a kick from one of the horses, and what had become of Ralph Barlow was not known.

A few hours afterwards he was found dead amongst the debris of his carriage, his dead horse beside him at the foot of a precipice past which the road wound half a mile further on.

Poor Ruth, conscience stricken and shaken in every nerve, really felt as though it would be wrong that she should play the roll of bride so soon; but the doctor stood firm and claimed her on the proper day, and her wild ride through the night, and the terrible scene that followed it, seems almost a dream to her now when she recalls it. Only one evening, a small boy ran up the garden path and addressed her.

"You're Miss Ruth Pennington, ain't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I am."

"Then," said he, "the doctor is outside in his carriage, and he says he wants you to ride with him, only he can't leave his horse. Won't you put on your hat and come?" he says.

"Tell him I'll be there in a moment," said Ruth, and ran into the room where her mother sat.

"I'm going out to ride with Harry, ma," said she, and catching up a hat and shawl that lay upon the lounge, stood before the mirror to put them on.

"Nobody will see you to-night," said Mrs. Pennington. "What a night it is for a ride—dark as pitch!"

"Not on the road, ma," said Ruth, and hurried off.

But it was dark—so dark that after the streak of light from the lamp in the parlor had ended, she could literally see nothing. She found the latch of the garden gate by feeling for it, and stepped outside. There, under the poplars, stood a dark object, a sort of silhouette of carriage, horse and driver, all in one piece. She approached it; a hand met hers, and helped her in.

"Oh, how dark it is, I can't see you, Harry," she said.

Then the hand went around her waist and drew her close. It was no unwonted thing, and surely it was right for a promised wife to yield to the embrace—and nestle her head on the broad shoulder.

RUTH'S FLIRTATION.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Before Ruth Pennington accepted Dr. Howard she had certainly flirted with Ralph Barlow, and he had some reason to be angry and indignant, but he should have been man enough to let the girl alone, and cease from absurd and unavailing reproaches. However, he was not; and day by day, hour by hour, Ruth lived in dread of him, never knowing when she might meet his scowling face in the village street, or what sweet hour he might poison with those angry accusations, which were all the more bitter for being in a measure true.

However, Ruth's friends upheld her, for Harry Howard was a fine fellow, whose antecedents every one knew—his father the favorite physician of the place before him; his married sister, Mrs. Marchmont, the being who dazzled their eyes with bonnets and dresses absolutely just from Paris; while old Mrs. Howard was the Lady Bountiful of the place, dispensed flannels to the poor, hunted up starving negroes and children going to the dogs for want of education, and gave them bread and schooling, and headed contributions for superannuated clergymen and widows who had seen better days.

A really respected family were the Howards, and Ralph Barlow was just no one knew who—a fellow who seemed to have money enough for all that was wanted without any introduction whatever. Handsome, too; but not the man people wanted to see dangling after their girls, and when Ruth had that flirtation with him she led a terrible life at home.

No girl likes to be scolded and preached to and threatened by those who are her guardians, and doubtless this influenced Ruth no little; and now all was so smooth and pleasant like most engagements, Dr. Howard had more in him than appeared on the surface, and made a fonder and more attentive lover than she had hoped. She loved him now, and her fleeting fancy for Ralph was quite a thing of the past. The wedding day was fixed; the wedding dress nearly done, and Ruth would have been perfectly happy but for Ralph's haunting. Knowing that she had once given him reason to think she liked him—indeed, knowing that she had—she could not use him as she would another, and complain of him to her father or brother; and the last time he crossed her path, he had caught her by the arm and held her fast, and told her that she must either break with Dr. Howard or take the consequences. "You shall never marry him, Ruth," he said, "never;" and this time Ruth, who had before only wept and trembled, defied him.

"I'm not afraid of you, Ralph, said she, "I'll have a protector soon, who will put an end to your threats, and punish you for annoying me."

"Don't talk of him to me, girl," cried Ralph, and he caught her by the wrist and held her so that for a moment she quite understood how powerless a woman is in the hands of a strong man, and they were alone far from any house, with thick trees on one side and a bubbling brook on the other.

But he dropped the hand again and folded his arms and laughed.

"Little fool," said he.

"Great brute, to try to frighten me," she cried, and sped away. After that she would never go far alone.

Two days at last between the present and her wedding eve, when, after dark, as she sat upon the porch waiting for her lover, and hoping that none of those calls that often carried the doctor miles away when he least desired it would keep him from her that evening, a small boy ran up the garden path and addressed her.

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But the ordeal proved more trying than either Mrs. Conway or Harry had imagined. When the latter came to read the part assigned him, he sat down and wrote a note to Mrs. Musgrave